

4
Liberty Asserted.

A

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As it is Acted at the
NEW THEATRE
IN

Little Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.

Written by Mr. DENNIS.

L O N D O N :

Printed for George Strahan at the Golden Ball, against the
Royal Exchange, in Cornhill ; and Bernard Lintott at the
Middle-Temple-Gate in Fleetstreet. 1704.

Price 1s. 6d.

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T O

ANTHONY HENLEY, Esq;

S I R,

THIS Play of *Liberty Asserted*, is by the right of Nature Yours, not only as You are a zealous Lover of Your Country, and a generous Assertor of Liberty, but as it owes its Birth and its very Being to You. For it was You, Sir, who gave the happy Hint upon which this Poem was form'd; from You as from a Source of noble Sentiments it descended to Me, and 'tis from Me that with a just Ambition it ascends to You.

If I had had the Happiness to be nearer to You during the time that I was writing this Tragedy; if, as I at first receiv'd the Hint from You, I could have receiv'd Your Instructions about the Design and the Working of the Scenes, the Faults in this Poem had then been fewer, and the Present more worthy You. But I know that the Nobleness of Your English Principles will oblige You to excuse its Faults, on Consideration of the just Intention with the which it was writ; and that was no less than to do good to Your Country; to open the Eyes of deluded Men, to inspire them with the Love of Liberty, and unite and animate them against the Common Foe of *Europe*. But yet, if at last I did not flatter my self that this
Play

Epistle Dedicatory.

Play had many more Beauties than Faults, You should be the very last Person to whom I would chuse to address it. If You appear to be of the same Opinion, I have gain'd the chief Ends which I propose to my self in Writing, and that is to do a little Good, to distinguish my self by what I write, and by those to whom I address my self. I shall look upon Your Approbation as a glorious Earnest of Fame, for Truth will be sure at last to prevail; and that which we call Taste in Writing, is nothing but a fine Discernment of Truth. But as Truth must be always one, and always the same to all who have Eyes to discern it; he who pleases one of a true Taste at first, is sure of pleasing all the World at last. But I who have sometimes had the Honour to hear You talk of Criticism, have been a long time thoroughly convinc'd that from an Intimacy with the Ancients, and a just Knowledge of the Moderns, You have form'd that fine and admirable Taste, which is so rarely found among us. But I ought to consider that while I commend it, I may perhaps displease it, and ought in Discretion to say no more. I am,

S I R,

Your most humble,

and most obedient Servant,

JOHN DENNIS.

P R E F A C E.

AS the Entertainments of our Theatres are publick, and supported by publick Authority, it is but just that the Instruction, which is the ultimate end of them, should tend to the publick Advantage. 'Tis true, indeed, the Stage, by correcting particular Persons, has a natural tendency to the improving the Publick. But when, I say, that the Publick ought to receive Advantage from the Entertainments of our Theatres, I mean, that it ought to do so immediately, and that the Instructions which we receive from the Stage ought to be for the Benefit of the lawful establish'd Government.

That this was the Case among the Athenians appears plain to me; and the reason why they settled so vast a Fund upon the Tragick Stage, was because they regarded it as the very Barrier of Liberty, which it supported by exposing the Misfortunes of Tyrants, and the Calamities that attended upon Arbitrary Pow'r. And it seems to me to be for this reason that they had that high Esteem for Oedipus, and were at so uncommon an Expence in the Decoration of it, because both the Crimes and the Calamities of Oedipus were the Consequences of his assuming unlimited Pow'r. 'Tis true, he kill'd his Father before he came to be King, but it was by ascending the Throne that he committed Incest, and that he came to the knowledge of what he had done; and had he continued a private Man, he had neither known the Guilt of his Actions, nor had he felt the Punishment of them.

As the Athenians had Liberty with a Common-wealth, the English enjoy the very same Liberty under the Government of the best of Queens, and in so doing are the happiest People in the World. I thought therefore that I could not do a thing that would be more acceptable to all true Englishmen, than to cast in my Mite towards the defending and supporting of that Liberty.

Thas

P R E F A C E.

That the Liberties of Europe, and of this Island particularly, are in no small Danger at present from the growing Power of France, will be easily granted by all but such who are either Fools or Knaves too incorrigible to be talk'd too. But this is plain, that they are not so much in danger, from what some call the Greatness of the French, as from the Baseness of the rest of Europe. If we were but as true to Liberty, as the French are to Tyranny, they would soon be as despicable in their Circumstances as they are now in their Principles. 'Tis the want of publick Spirit that ruins us, and the Design of this Tragedy is to inculcate that, this being its important Moral; that the want of publick Spirit in the Members of any Community makes not only the publick, but very often those private Persons who want it, very unhappy; that whoever sells, or betrays his Country either to a foreign Tyrant, as some of the Confederates, or to a home-bred one, as the whole Body of the French do; whoever does this upon the account of advancing his Family, which is the general Motive to such publick Treasons, is sure to have himself and his Family suffer with the rest, and perhaps with the foremost. And this Moral is prov'd by the Dramatick Action both ways. It shews a Man who makes a Treaty with the French upon private Interest, made by that Treaty the most wretched of Mankind, of the happiest that he was before; and it shews the very Frenchman who breaks it, about to be plung'd by the Breach of it, in the most deplorable Calamity; and it shews something farther too, that the French, who are the Instruments of promoting Tyranny upon a private Interest, are so only because they are so far blinded by their Passions, that they know not what they do; that is, they know not that they are sacrificing to their Tyrant their very Children and Families, for whose Support they pretend to act; that if their other Passions did not conceal this from them, all of them who have any thing of natural Affection, would be so far from being guilty of so unnatural a Villany, that they would immediately declare for Liberty.

Some People may perhaps admire, that I who have been accus'd of repeating the same thing in the Play, the Prologue and Epilogue, should yet appear to be farther guilty of that very Fault in the Preface. To whom I answer, That since after all the Care I had taken in the Play, the Prologue and Epilogue, to assure the World
that

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that this was an English and not a Party Play; there were some malicious enough to affirm that this was a Play writ purposely to oblige the Whigs, I thought it lay upon me to prove what I had affirm'd before, that this was not a Whig but an English Play, which I shall manifestly, I believe, make out, unless they will urge, that because it is an English therefore it is a Whiggish Play.

If this Play is writ for a Party, why then it must be writ against a Party. Now it will be pretty plain from what has been said above, considered with the Play it self, that the Design of this Tragedy is to make Men in Love with Liberty, by shewing them that nothing can be more according to Nature, and by shewing this not by such forcible and extraordinary Arguments as require more than ordinary Penetration to be understood, for that has been already done so incomparably by Mr. Lock that nothing need or can be added to it; but by something so plain that ev'ry Understanding is capable of it, and that is, by the most Tender of all Sentiments which Nature has implanted in the Minds of Men, and that is, the Love of their Children. The Party therefore that this Play was writ to oblige, are all those who have any concern for their Country, their Religion, their Relations, their Friends and their Children; and the Party it was writ against, are all those who care not one farthing for any or all of these. Now I would give a good deal to behold so abominable a Wretch as to own himself of such a Party.

He who writes for a Party writes for Interest; now I would fain ask any one where can be my Interest in writing for the Party for which it is supposed that I write. The first thing that I wrote which had relation to the Publick was a Poem call'd The Court of Death, in which I lamented the Death of the late Queen of happy and glorious Memory. And tho' both the Design and Spirit of that Poem were thought by some of the best Judges, to be above the common level of Poetry, yet I was almost the only Person of all the Writers who appear'd upon that Subject, of whom the Court took no notice. My Friends can bear me Witness that I was so far from being mortified at it, that I was resolv'd to persevere in what I thought my Duty, and of all the foresaid Writers I was after-
a wards

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wards the only Person who bewail'd the Death of the late King in the same publick manner that I had before lamented that of his Royal Consort. I had almost the same Fortune with that Poem that I had with the former: It brought me indeed a little more Reputation, but just as much Advantage.

He who after this could be induc'd to expect any thing from those whom they call the Whigs, must be of a more sanguine Temper than I am. I know indeed that there are a great many People whom they call Whigs, who are really Englishmen, and to oblige Englishmen I shall be always proud, by what Names soever they may be distinguished; By a real Englishman I mean one who is for the present Establishment, and the Protestant Succession, upon the view of the good of his Countrey, and his own no farther than as it depends on the other.

But upon the first acting this Tragedy there were not wanting some worthy Persons who made it their Business to report about the Town that it was a Republican Play. Now to give them an Answer to which nothing can be replied, I have ordered the last Scene of the Play to be printed, which on the account of Length was left out in Acting, tho' it yet remains in the Play-house-copy. At the same time I desire the Reader to believe, that I am not such a Fool to contend for Names but for Things; that Liberty is Liberty under a limited Monarchy, as much as under a Common-wealth; that we enjoy enough under the present Queen to make us the happiest of People; that I have as high a Veneration for Her as any Subject She has, and would venture as much to serve Her, because I am perfectly convinc'd, that all that She aims at by Her perpetual Care and the Wisdom of Her Conduct, is to support and defend these Liberties which Her glorious Predecessour deliver'd to us; and which 'tis the Business of this Play to assert and vindicate. So that the Design of this Tragedy being only to promote the good Intentions of the Queen, it is more Her Interest than it is any Persons in England that it should make the Impression which it was design'd to make; tho' I believe it at the same time to be the Interest of ev'ry Person in England, excepting those who are wishing for a French Government or contriving to bring it in.

This is not the first time that since Her Majesties happy Accession

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sion to Her Throne I have endeavour'd to serve Her. And all the world knows that it is not my Fault that I have not done Her a most important Service. * Had that been done, there had been no need of writing the following Tragedy. There had been no need of firing People with the Love of Liberty, or animating them against the common Foe. Had that been done the Liberties of Europe and our own had been sufficiently secur'd.

I know very well that the foregoing Declaration is not over politick; that to declare for the Publick against Parties is to make no Friends. I am perfectly convinc'd that if I could be brought to espouse any Party warmly, that Party might be brought to espouse me, but that till I make that step I must be left to my self; of this, I say, I am perfectly convinc'd, and yet notwithstanding that Conviction, I hope in God I shall not change my Conduct.

The Success of this Play has been so favourable notwithstanding Malice and ill Accidents; it has had the Felicity of having so many illustrious Voices for it, that I may spare my self the Trouble of answering Objections. However, since good Manners appear to be concern'd in two of them, I shall say a word to those.

The first is, that there are in this Play National Reflections, which ought not to be made. To which I answer, that I plainly perceive that the Art of the following Tragedy is by no means all understood. That part of it consists in this, that what some mistake for a National Satyr, is only a Satyr upon Arbitrary Power, a Satyr upon the Government of the French, and not upon their Manners as they proceed from their Climate. The French are in themselves a brave and a gallant Nation; but the Submission which they fondly pay to unlimited Power has plung'd them in Vices which their Natures abhor, and render'd them odious and despicable. To shew this, I have introduced the Characters of two Frenchmen, Frontenac and Miramont, who are both of them Men of Honour; but the difference between them is this, that Miramont, who declares against Arbitrary Pow'r, is altogether without Blemish, and the Faults and Defects in Frontenac's Character, are plainly de-

* Proposal for putting a speedy end to the War, &c. sold by Mrs. Baldwin.

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rid'd from his Zeal for their present Government.

The other Objection is this, that the Satyr in the Ambassadors Scene is too coarse for delicate Ears. I know it very well, and in complaisance to some Gentlemen whom I esteem, I order'd it to be left out after the first Night, but I have printed it with the rest because they who do not like it may turn over it, and because it is likely to be subservient to the end for which this Poem was writ, and that is, to animate our English against the French; for I believe it may not be unacceptable to some honest downright Englishmen, who while we and the French are cutting one anothers Throats, will not take it ill, that we do it without Ceremony.

The Scene of this Tragedy lies at Agnie in Canada; which, for the sake of the better sound, I call Angie. Canada is a vast Tract of Land in Northern America, on the Back of New England and New York. As New England and New York, and the Country about them belong to the English, a considerable part of Canada is possess'd by the French; and as the English and French divide the Country, they divide the Natives. The most considerable Nation of Canada, next to the Iroquois, are the Hurons, who are Friends to the French. But the five Warlike Nations of the Iroquois are our Confederates; of those five Nations, Agnies or Angies is one; and the chief Place of the Nation is Agnie or Angie, and thus much I thought fit to premise for the Sake of those who have never read either Hennepin or La Hontan.

But now it will be convenient to say a word concerning the Scenes as they are mark'd in the printed Play, and here, by the word Scene, I do not mean so much the Place, as the Number of Persons who are in Action upon that Place at a time. I have therefore distinguish'd the Scenes in the following Play, as they have been always distinguish'd by the Ancients and by the Moderns of other Countries, and by our own Ben. Johnson. Any Person who comes upon the Place of Action, or leaves it, makes a different Scene, and that new Scene is mark'd by the Figure of its respective Number, and the Names of the Persons who are upon the Place of Action. I thought that agreeable Delusion into which the Reader willingly and gladly enters, for the sake of his Pleasure, would be both greater and easier if he were not put in mind
of

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of a Stage by Entrances and Exits, which are nothing but Directions that are given to a Play House Prompter.

The Design of this Play was much improv'd by the Remonstrances which I receiv'd from my valued Friend Mr. Southern, who besides his Zeal to do good to his Friends, and a noble Sincerity, uncommon among the Writers of this Age, by the extempore Remarks which he made upon my reading this Play to him in a very hasty manner, shew'd at once so much penetrating Quickness, as well as so much Solidity, and so much sureness, as could belong to no Man but one who has a thorough Understanding of Nature, and who has that admirable Talent for touching the Passions which he has shewn in his Tragedies. I must own the Obligation too which I have to Mr. Betterton for the Hints I received from him, as well as for his excellent Action.

This Play indeed receiv'd all the Grace and Ornament of Action in most of the principal Parts, and in all the Womens. But that of Sakia by Mrs. Barry was acted so admirably and inimitably, as that no Stage in Europe can boast of any thing that comes near to her Performance; or if the Foreign Stages can shew any thing like it, they are at least prodigiously improv'd since I was upon the Continent. That incomparable Actress changing like Nature which she represents, from Passion to Passion, from Extream to Extream, with piercing Force, and with easie Grace, changes the Hearts of all who see her with irresistible Pleasure.

E R R A T A.

Page 33. for commends read commands. p. 38. for the glorious Sphears, r. that glorious Sphear. p. 56. for more at variance, r. ne'er at variance. p. 63. for again is an, r. again in an.

P R O

PROLOGUE.

Spoke by Mr. Betterton.

THIS of deep Tragedies is sure the Age,
When Mars each day displays with swelling Rage }
His bloody Scenes upon the Worlds great Stage.
Ye Brittons, from your Thames's Silver Flood
Turn, turn your Eyes to Streams distain'd with Blood;
And to discover Scenes of mortal Woe,
Survey the Rhine, the Danube and the Poe.
No fancy'd Tragedies are acting there, }
There the distracted Native rends his Hair,
And shrieks and wrings his Hands in true Despair. }
While no vexatious Grievs to you are known, }
But here you meet t'attend our pleasing moan, }
And gently sigh with Sorrow not your own. }
By grateful Turns, with Fear and Pity seiz'd,
And when most terrify'd are then most pleas'd;
But Tragick Scenes may come where this Delight
Shall yield to Horrour and to mortal Fright:
When impious Mars shall with a dreadful Roar
Descend to visit pale Britannia's Shore.
Already Treason whispers come away,
And clamorous Discord cries make no delay.
That Hour would shew a Tragedy indeed,
Whose sad Spectators would not weep but bleed.
Which to prevent all Patriots should contend,
These Scenes were wrought to serve so just an end;
To shew our inbred Foes ere'tis too late
That they and theirs must share the common Fate.
For France its Blood exhausts, its Wealth expends
To obtain its own and not our Plotters ends.
They who their Country for themselves enthrall,
Will see themselves and Children with it fall.
Would they reflect on this while yet they may }
Themselves and Children they would ne'er betray, }
As in the following Scenes we shew to Day. }
For what Remains ———
To please and to instruct we've done our best,
Then boldly let us make this just Request,
With silent care to the first Act attend,
Then you with Pleasure may perhaps unbend.

EPILOGUE.

THus have we shewn what we propos'd to shew,
All would fall off from Tyrants did they know,
That with their wretched Country they betray
Themselves and Children to tyrannick Sway.
They who plac'd haughty Lewis on the Throne
Would have declar'd against Him, had they known
That their Soul's Darlings by his dire Commands }
In Torments should expire by bloody Hands,
Or live a banish'd Race in Foreign Lands. }
The fiercest Creatures that the Woods contain
What they bring forth with pleasing Love maintain.
That Love the Lyon softens, and the Bear, }
The Worlds supported by that tender Care; }
All Savages but Men their Offspring spare. }
But Man, grown blind by Lust, of Pow'r or Pelf,
Will sell his Darling Offspring and himself.
To reclaim such our Author bad me say
He wrote this English and no Party Play:
He minds not who's of Whig or Tory Clan
But who for Lewis is, or who for ANN?
For the same Friends have Lawless Rage and He,
As ANN has the same Foes with Liberty.
Oh may she long command these happy Isles!
Where she with Freedom Empire reconciles!
Long o'er your Hearts may yon bright Circle, Reign }
Oh may you never feel a ruder Chain! }
And of no other Tyranny complain! }
But Beauties Reign on Liberty depends
When the French Reign begins, the Reign of Beauty ends,
The French are Slaves to Man's Despotick Sway, }
But with Prophaness atted every Day }
They force Celestial Beauty to obey. }

Drama-

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Frontenac</i> , Governour of <i>New France</i> .	By Mr. <i>Bowman</i> .
<i>Miramont</i> , his Kinsman.	By Mr. <i>Betterton</i> .
<i>Beaufort</i> , General of the <i>English</i> that come to the Assistance of the <i>Iroquois</i> against the <i>French</i> .	By Mr. <i>Powell</i> .
<i>Ulamar</i> , General of the five Nations of the <i>Iroquois</i> .	By Mr. <i>Booth</i> .
<i>Zephario</i> , Head of the <i>Angians</i> , one of the five Nations of the <i>Iroquois</i> .	By Mr. <i>Freeman</i> .
<i>Arimat</i> an <i>Angian</i> .	
Two Ambassadors.	

Officers, Guards, Messengers.

W O M E N.

<i>Sakia</i> , Mother to <i>Ulamar</i> .	By Mrs. <i>Barry</i> .
<i>Irene</i> , Daughter to <i>Zephario</i> .	By Mrs. <i>Bracegirdle</i> .
<i>Okima</i> , Confident to <i>Sakia</i> .	By Mrs. <i>Porter</i> .

SCENE *Angie in Canada.*

Liberty

Liberty Asserted.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Angie in Canada.*

SCENE I. *Sakia and Okima.*

Sak. **S** Peak on,
Thy Looks seem big with something that's im-
Okim. Then briefly thus: [portant.

Beaufort, that jointly with your valiant Son,
Led forth his English, and our Iroquois,
To stop th' Incursions of the French and Hurons,
Is just from our Confederate Troops arriv'd.

Sak. Alas! how fares my *Ulamar*?

Okim. Before the Sun which now declines is sett,
You may expect to hear it from himself;
For *Beaufort* left him just prepar'd to follow.

Sak. Now the great Mind be praised!
My Son has lost then, and the French are Victors.

Okim. No, my *Sakia*,
The Ruler of the World is not so partial,
Nor are the Guardian Spirits so remiss,
Which hover with their golden Wings o'er *Canada*:
Your lovely Son, th' auspicious *Ulamar*,
No less the Darling is of Heav'n than ours.
A thousand French and Hurons pale and breathless,

Extended on yon Plain proclaim him Victor,
And in the bloody Bus'ness of the Day,
No single Arm dealt Fate so much as *Ulamar's*.

Sak. Ah! wretched me! thou hast rous'd all my Grievs.

Okim. How, my *Sakia*?

Is your Son's Triumph then become your Grief?
His Death had been your Joy then!

Sak. Ah no! thou know'st I dote upon my *Ulamar*,
And when the Graces of his Mind and Person,
With Reason's Eye severely I survey,
Reason severely judging yet assures me
That I have cause for all the Mothers Fondness:
Yet know, my *Okima*,

His Death and Victory I fear'd alike.

Okim. You utter Mysteries beyond my Reach.

Sak. Thou knowest my Son, that with the generous *Beaufort*
Now leads the bloody Iroquois to Battel,
No Iroquois by Birth, no Native is of *Angie*.

Okim. I know you both indeed by Birth are Hurons.

Sak. Hurons we once were call'd, and once were thought
To be descended from no Vulgar Stock,
But now, alas! are sunk to wretched Slaves.

Okim. To Slaves, *Sakia*!
Your Son at least has other Sentiments.

Sak. Howe'er alas, my Son may be deceiv'd,
I am a Slave, a miserable Slave;
Who far remov'd from my sweet Native Soil,
Far from the dearer Partner of my Heart,
Have for twelve tedious Years been now confin'd:
To drag the galling Yoke of loathsome Life,
In this accursed Place:
A Burthen which I never could support,
But that I had some glimpse of Hope remaining;
That cruel Fortune might at length relent,
And might at length restore me with my *Ulamar*,
To the dear Partner of my faithful Heart:
Those Hopes have lately been reviv'd and animated
By the prophetick Visions of the Night,

And

And Expectation of this fatal Action;
But this Relation has o'erthrown them all:
My Son's mistaken Valour has undone us,
And thou, O *Miramont*, art lost for ever!

Okim. Forget your Hurons and become an Angian.

Sak. O may the whole accursed Race by Fate
Be rooted ev'n from Human Memory!
Perish their very Names too with their Persons,
Excepting thine, for thou art wondrous good.

Okim. *Sakia* you forget,
To curse your Benefactors thus is impious.

Sak. To curse our mortal Enemies is just.

Okim. The Angians are your Friends and your Defenders.

Sak. My Country's mortal Enemies are mine.

Okim. *Iroquian Angie* is your Country now.

Sak. My Prison never can be call'd my Country.

Okim. The Angians gave you Liberty at first;
The hour that made you Captives, saw you free.

Sak. Why am I then with my unhappy Son
Detain'd e'er since in this detested Clime,
Enjoying nothing but the Name of Liberty,
Which hourly brings the thing to my Remembrance,
And makes the Yoke of Slav'ry wring me more?
Know that I am not deluded by a Word,
And ev'n this Shadow of the Angians Favour
Is due to the request of generous *Beaufort*;
For he the fatal Expedition led,
To which I owe this long Captivity,
To which I owe a twelve Years mortal Woe
Confin'd by barbarous Iroquois to *Angie*;
Which may just Heav'n by sharpest plagues revenge!

Okim. You curse the Victors, Heav'n has curst the vanquish'd.

Sak. Now they are Conquerors I'll hate them more.

Okim. Think that our Conquest to your Son we owe.
Then curse us if you can.

Sak. Therefore the barbarous Iroquois I curse.

Okim. Upon your Son's account you ought to bless us,
Think on our Bounties heap'd upon his Head.

Sak. Think on the Trophies by his Valour won,
With which tenfold your Bounty he repays.

Okim. 'Tis to our Favour that he owes his Glory,
Which, tho' he scarce has reach'd his twentieth Year,
Surpasses that of all our ancient Warriours.

Sak. 'Tis by his Glory you exist, but he
To Fortune and himself his Glory owes,
And the Instructions of the generous *Beaufort*.

Okim. Leading our Forces he acquir'd his Fame.

Sak. Yes, against the Hurons,
Our Obligations there indeed are great,
For causing him to turn his fatal Sword
Upon the bleeding Bowels of his Country,
And its Confederate Friends the Warlike French;
Who for strong Reasons ought to be most dear to him.

Okim. Poorly your partial Mind affects the French,
While he detests the false perfidious Race,
And threatens to extirpate all those gay,
But rank and filthy Weeds from *Canada*;
Which lately crept usurping thro' the Corn,
To oppress the Genuine and the noble Seed.

Sak. Thou know'st him not, he's ignorant of himself,
And both are blind alike; but one Day Fate
Will dissipate th' impenetrable Cloud
That now obscures his Sight, and then too late
His fond and fatal Error he'll detest.

Okim. But why!
For he who does his Duty, first must know it.

Sak. But this he knows at present, that the French
Are strictly to his Countrymen ally'd.

Okim. He owns no Country but Iroquian *Angie*,
Who to the French must prove eternal Foes.

Sak. Time will instruct him better.

Okim. Yes, for our *Angie* will become to morrow
His Country by a stricter dearer tie.

Sak. What meanest thou?

Okim. A Tie that will for ever fix him ours.

Sak. Explain thy self.

Okim. To

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5

Okim. To morrow's Sun, will see that Beauty his,
For whom the loveliest of our Indian Swains
Have sigh'd and sigh'd in vain.

Sak. Thou mean'st the blooming Daughter of *Zephario*,
Head of th' Iroquian Tribes.

Okim. Who can be meant but blest *Irene*, whom
Divided *Canada* consents to adore,
And they who come from distant Climes admire?
The Adoration of two Worlds! the English,
To whom uncommon Beauty is familiar,
Astonish'd gaze at her amazing Form,
As at a Wonder never seen before.

Sak. Yes, the brave *Beaufort* too admires *Irene*,
And to her lays an equal Claim with *Ulamar*;
And for that Reason thou art wrong inform'd,
For *Angie* dares not disoblige the English.

Okim. But when the rival Friends went out to Battel,
Thus said the wise *Zephario*,
Ye matchless Friends, thou *Beaufort* and thou *Ulamar*,
Ye great and fair Supports of Liberty
And *Canada*, against a faithless Race,
Who have perfidiously surpriz'd our Angians,
And in full Peace with Sword and Fire attack'd them;
Lead forth our Arms against the perjur'd Foe,
And know that he who for the common Cause,
Against that Foe performs the noblest Deeds,
At his return shall call *Irene* his. 
The Father said, the charming Daughter blush'd,
And to the just Decree the Friends consented.

Sak. My *Ulamar* is not return'd from fight,
How can that Diff'rence be determin'd then?

Okim. By the Relation of impartial *Beaufort*,
By which he owns that your unequall'd Son,
By his wise Conduct and his brave Example,
Sav'd both his English and our Iroquois.

Sak. That was the Modesty of generous *Beaufort*,
But when he own'd this, was *Irene* present?

Okim. Yes, and in spite of all her shy Demureness,

Joy

Joy lighten'd on a sudden from her Eyes,
Which struggling she suppress, and blushing frown'd;
Or I'm mistaken, or she loves your *Ulamar*.

Sak. Confusion!

Okim. Come, she is worthy of the first of Men.

Sak. 'Tis true, so fair a Creature I ne'er saw.
Ev'n I, whom pow'rful Reasons force to hate her,
Ev'n I with Pleasure gaze upon her Face,
And viewing grow insensibly her Friend.
But may she perish e'er she weds my *Ulamar*,
Nay, may they perish both.

Okim. To both you're cruel.

Sak. No, for if once their Hands are joyn'd he's lost,
To me and to the best of Fathers lost,
Who lov'd him as the Darling of his Soul;
And to restore him to whose tender Arms,
I have endur'd to live thus long a Slave.

Okim. But see, the noble *Beaufort* comes to attend you.

SCENE II. *Sakia, Okima, Beaufort.*

Sak. You're welcome, worthy *Beaufort*.

Okim. They who bring Victory are always welcome.

Sak. Had he been vanquish'd he had been more welcome.
Is *Ulamar* arriv'd?

Beauf. Each Minute he's expected.

Sak. Well, you have conquer'd then.

Beauf. Yes; impartial Heav'n has heard our just Appeal,
And has supported Innocence and Faith,
Against Injustice, Treason, Violence,
Against Oppression, Perjury and Fraud,
And all the Crimes of the perfidious French.

Sak. They needs must conquer for whom Heav'n declares,
In spight of all the Valour of their Foes.

Beauf. Madam, their Valour much you over rate,
They know themselves, and to themselves are just,
While they are false to all the World beside.
They feel themselves too guilty to be brave.
'Tis a shrewd Sign their Valour they mistrust,

Who still on Treason or on Odds depend.
But against Odds and Treasons both we conquer'd,
Such Force deriv'd we from the just Disdain
That Honour, Innocence, and Heavenly Truth,
Should yield to Falshood, and to Hell-born Crimes,
That Thought alone sustain'd our sinking Troops,
That Thought inflam'd them in extreme Distress,
When one of them cried suddenly aloud,
Lifting his wounded, wearied Arms to Heav'n,
Thou Maker of the World to whom we bow,
If it be Thou and not blind Chance that governs,
To Thee we appeal, here manifest thy Justice.

Okim. Now by that Pow'r thou hast set my Soul on Fire,
What follow'd?

Beauf. Not the last Trumpet that must rowse the dead,
To them more sudden Vigour shall convey,
Than did to ours that animating Voice,
All thought that Heav'n declar'd it self aloud,
Strange Sight were seen, and wondrous Sounds were heard,
'Tis said a Flame descended upon *Ulamar*,
And round his Temples spread its lambent Glory;
But this is sure, his Deeds were more than Human.
And Conquest lightning in his Eyes, and Thundring in his Arm,
Rows'd all our Vigour in our fainting Troops,
And struck a fatal Damp upon the Foe.

Sak. *Beaufort*, thou art too partial to thy Friend.

Beauf. I am not partial, I am barely just.

Sak. He who is so magnanimously just,
Must have done greater Wonders of his own:
Do Justice to thy self then.

Beauf. What I perform'd I did not in the dark,
But Earth and conscious Heav'n were both Spectators,
I therefore need not speak.

Sak. Remember the Reward.
Think on *Irene*.

Beauf. She's always in my Thoughts.

Sak. And do you love her?

Beauf. Have I my sight? To see her is to love her.

Sak. And

Sak. And can you poorly quit her to another?

Beauf. No, nor would I basely win her.

Sak. Yet you exalt your Rival to the Skies.

Beauf. That Rival is your Son and is my Friend.
And still is partial when he mentions me.

Sak. Think of what Love requires.

Beauf. There is a Duty due to Friendship too ;
A thousand Lovers worship fair *Irene*,
But who but I has such a Friend as *Ulamar* ?

Sak. The greatest Friendship you can shew my Son
Is to deprive him of this fatal Beauty.
I had rather see him in the Arms of Death,
Than of *Zephario's* Daughter.

Beauf. But he had rather die than not possess her.

Sak. Then let him die; no, let him live, ye Pow'rs!
But let him live without her.

You love *Irene*, tell me, would you win her?

Beauf. I would, by Heav'n, but would not lose my *Ulamar*.

Sak. Then let us jointly urge him to desist.

Beauf. On what Pretence ?

Sak. On that of Gratitude.
The strongest in the World to a brave Spirit:
Can he be said to bear a grateful Mind,
Who strives against his Benefactor's Bliss?
Remind him of his Obligations.

Beauf. What Obligations?

Sak. He well remembers them tho' you forget.
Too generous *Beaufort*!
Who snatch'd the Dagger from his Infant Breast,
In that accursed Hour that made us Captives?
When only we of all the Slaves were sav'd.
Who forc'd the Iroquois to give us Liberty,
A least a shew of Liberty?
Who since instructed him in glorious Arms?
Instructed him in European Arts?
To whose dear Friendship is his Glory owing,
His noble Acts, and his accomplish'd Greatness?
Tell him aloud he owes all this to *Beaufort*.

Beauf. Why

Liberty Asserted.

9

Beauf. Why should I tell him this?

Sak. To urge him,
By the remembrance of these mighty Benefits,
To quit his fond Pretensions to *Irene*,
And not impeach his Happiness, to whom,
Whate'er he has, whate'er he is, he owes.

Beauf. He owes his Greatness to himself alone,
And carries an Instructor in his Breast,
Beyond what all the World can e'er supply;
For *Ulamar* seems sent express from Heav'n,
To civilize this rugged Indian Clime;
But grant to me alone he ow'd his Greatness,
How base, how barb'rous would it be to upbraid him?
Besides all this, how vain? for know your Son's
No vulgar Passion is, that force acquires
By just Degrees, and kindles into Flame;
His the first moment blasted him like Lightning
That falls from Heav'n when *Jove* with his own Fire,
That Tree that's sacred to himself consumes.

Sak. I but too well remember it.

Beauf. Immediately he had recourse to me,
Who saw, and therefore lov'd *Irene* first;
Then Sorrow streaming from his humid Eyes,
That sparkled with Desire, my Friend, says he,
I come to take my leave, for I must die,
Since only Death can make me just to *Beaufort*;
For only his cold hand can quench the Flame
That is injurious to my Friend, to whom
The best of Mothers and my self I owe;
And then I love, said he with faltering Tongue,
And with a Heart about to break with Grief,
I love *Irene*, and for *Beaufort* die.

Sak. And how receiv'd you this?

Beauf. With some surprise, but yet with firm Resolve,
In height of Friendship not to be surpass'd,
But rather chuse to hazard her than lose
So faithful and so brave a Friend as *Ulamar*.

Sak. O noble Friendship! Unexempl'd Rivalship!

G

Were

Were all thy Countrymen like thee, brave *Beaufort*,
 The Sun himself in all his shining Round,
 Since first his Progress from the East began,
 Would ne'er have seen a greater nobler People.
 But still my Soul from this disastrous Love
 Forebodes much Mischief.

S C E N E III. Sak. Okim. Beauf. Messengers,
Shouts.

Beauf. What Shouts of Joy are these?

Mess. Just now victorious *Ulamar's* arriv'd,
 And with these Shouts the joyful Angians welcome him.

Beauf. Kind Heav'n be prais'd!

Mess. Within an hour the Angians meet in Council,
 Mean while your Friend attends you at your House.

Sak. O Heav'ns, my Son refuses then to see me.

Mess. The French by Ambassadors now proffer Peace,
 Concerning which he would confer with you
 Before the Council meets.

Beauf. Tell him I come,

S C E N E IV. Sak. Okim. Beaufort.

Beauf. This proffer'd Peace shall be refus'd with Scorn,
 If I have any Credit with the Angians.

They proffer Peace!

Their frontless European Insolence!

When Heav'n against their Perjuries declares,
 And halting Vengeance like a Blood-hound, slow,
 But stanch o'ertakes them with his deep mouth'd Cry,
 Confounds their Treasure, and their Troops consumes;

First they sing Songs of Triumph for their Losses,
 And then, forsooth, they give the World a Peace.

Oh! 'tis a blessed Peace that binds our Hands,
 And leaves theirs loose, whom neither plighted Faith,
 Nor Vows, nor solemn'd Oaths could e'er restrain,
 Strong Bonds, if Bonds perfidious Men could tie!

Sak. Beauf.

Sak. Beauport, To you I now a Suppliant come,
T'a thousand Obligations add one more,
Which if you grant me not, the rest are vain.

Beauf. But name it and 'tis yours.

Sak. Provide that I may with my Son confer
Before the Council meet; who will, I know, decide this fa-
mous Rivalship.

Beauf. That, Madam, shall be my immediate Care.

SCENE V. Sakia, Okima.

Sak. Ah! *Okima!* I sink, I die with Grief,
On this Important Now depends my all;
For should my *Ular* obstruct this Peace,
And obstinately should espouse *Irene*,
Then name a Wretch that's so accurst as I.

Okim. Come, you provoke th' indulgent Powers to leave you,
And lose your Son's Advantage and your own;
For both you'll in this happy Marriage find.

Sak. Once more thou know'st him not, nor he himself,
For hitherto within this wretched Breast,
From all the World I've kept th' important Mystery.
But now my Spirit groans beneath its Load
And I would ease my over-burthen'd Soul.

Okim. Discharge it then upon this faithful Breast.

Sak. But first by that eternal Spirit swear,
Swear by that awful, that all-seeing Mind,
That conscious is alone to the dread Secret,
To let no Time, nor Art, nor Force
Extort it from thy Mind.

Okim. By that eternal conscious Pow'r I swear.

Sak. Know then, my Son who thinks himself a Huron,
And whom too thou believ'st of Indian Birth,
No Huron is, nor of Canadian Kind;
Know he descended of a Christian Sire,
Young, valiant, beautiful, of noble Race.

Okim. A Christian! you amaze me! of what Nation?

Sak. Consult my Passions, and let those inform thee.

Okim. What say'st thou? Then by Nation he is French.

Sak. French is his Nation, *Miramont* his Name.

Okim. Why is this Secret from your Son conceal'd?

Sak. Let Time and Fate reveal it to him.

Okim. Why not his Mother?

Sak. I dare not.

Okim. What should deter you?

Sak. Know that my Guardian Spirit in my Dreams
Has more than once with fearful Threats forbid me.

Besides, the important Secret should I tell,
Before my Son has seen and known his Father,

So deadly is his Hatred to the French,

The which, together with his Years grew up,

It might a criminal Aversion cause

To him who gave him Being; and besides,

All hopes of Peace it surely would destroy:

For that upon his Sentiment depends,

But he who *Angie* to the World prefers,

Will do his utmost to obstruct a Peace,

That needs must tear him from this cursed Clime.

He'll know that Peace will soon divulge his Birth,

And knows the Angians never will endure

To have a Frenchman lead their Troops to Battel.

Besides, should *Ulamar* this Secret hear

Before he sees and knows his noble Father,

It might produce an impious Thought of me.

Okim. This is but one of those fantastick Fears

To which long Melancholy makes you subject;

For why should it produce that impious Thought?

Sak. In secret *Miramont* and I were match'd,

And thrice three Years in Bonds clandestine liv'd;

In secret too I brought forth *Ulamar*;

And for three Years in private was he nurst,

And five I bred him with me as my Slave,

By *Miramont* presented to my Father,

And then your Angians made us real Captives.

When first my Husband's Hand and mine were join'd,

No Soul was conscious to my plighted Troth.

But Heav'n, and *Miramont*, and the poor Priest.

That

That kindly tied th' indissoluble Bond.

Should *Miramont*, avert it Heav'n, be gone

To that strange Land where Souls departed dwell,

What Thoughts might such a Tale produce in *Ulamar*?

Okim. The Priest who join'd you might attest your Marriage.

Sak. Long since, alas! that faithful Friend is dead.

Okim. But why that tedious nine Years Mystery?

Sak. Know that my *Miramont*, of noble Race,

Was yet a younger Brother of his House,

And therefore he depended on his King:

Now with that King those haughty Priests have Pow'r,

Who stile themselves Companions of their God,

And they, unless I would embrace their Faith,

Forbad all Nuptial League 'twixt me and *Miramont*,

Upon the penance of his King's Displeasure.

Okim. When you were taken where was *Miramont*?

Sak. He then was in a distant Fort besieg'd,

Which for his Monarch bravely he maintain'd.

Okim. Have you ne'er since had Tidings of him;

Sak. Ah! there thou prob'st me to the very Heart,

I since have never, never heard of him.

Okim. Perhaps by fortune of that War he fell.

Sak. Should I believe thee, my sad Heart would break,

And I, dear *Miramont*, once more should join thee;

But the great Mind is merciful and good,

And may have Comfort yet for poor *Sakia*.

That I from *Miramont* have never heard,

Proceeds from the vast Tract of Land between us,

Or want of Commerce 'twixt the French and you,

Or from th' unusual Names your Nation gave us,

When first they brought us mournful Slaves to *Angie*;

For I whom th' *Angians* now *Sakia* call,

Nikaia was thro' all th' Huronian Land,

And *Ulamar* young *Miramont* was there.

Okim. But should he live, you three can never meet,

For as this Secret to the World divulg'd,

Ruins your Son with these five Warlike Nations;

So 'twill disgrace your Husband with the French,

Their

Their Priests offended would incense their King.

Sak. My *Okima*, know things are alter'd much!
For by long Conferences here with *Beaufort*,
My Son and I both strongly are inclin'd
To embrace the Christian Faith.

Okim. Ye Pow'rs! who ever in so short a time
Display'd such various Wonders?

Yet *Miramont* by strong Presumption's dead,
And 'tis your Safety to promote this Match.

Sak. What! with my Husband's mortal Enemies?

Okim. The dead have none, Death reconciles us all.

Sak. But know that once
My *Miramont*, when in a dangerous State,
Upon the Bed of Languishment he lay,
Caus'd me to swear by all that I rever'd,
Even by the sacred Bond that join'd our Hands,
By Love, the sacred Tie that join'd our Souls,
And by the bright eternal Source of Love;
That when my *Ulamar* arriv'd to Manhood,
I ne'er would wed him to an Indian Maid;
But would transport him to those happy Climes,
That th' Ocean from our *Canada* divides.
Besides, in the dread Visions of the Night,
I now for three successive Nights have seen
Miramont threatning with a dreadful Frown
Irene, and the Love-sick *Ulamar*.

These Dreams are to my Son of dire Presage,
And here remind me e'er it be too late,
To run and tear him from impending Fate.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Sakia, *Beaufort*,

Sak. WHEN meets the Council?

Beauf. Already they're assembled,
And now dispose of mine and your Son's Fate,
The beautiful *Irene*,

And

And in an hour here we expect *Zepharior*,
Who must impart their final Resolution to us.

Sak. Have they debated yet of Peace and War?

Beauf. That the Angian Council have referr'd to me,
And to your Son, and to the wife *Zepharior*.

Sak. When will my Son vouchsafe to hear his Mother?

Beauf. See, where he comes to attend you.

SCENE II. *Sakia, Ulamar.*

Ulam. My Mother!

Sak. My Son!

Oh may the Bounty of th' eternal Mind
Show'r down his choicest blessings on my *Ulamar*!

Ulam. Oh may he but prolong the present Blessing!
That I may long behold the best of Mothers.

Sak. And yet you could desert this Mother, *Ulamar*,
And could resist her absolute Commands,
And all her soft Entreaties could despise;
And I behold thee here in spight of both,
All dismal with the pretious Blood of Hurons
And their Allies, Heav'n knows, alas, whose Blood!
Why would'st thou thus against my softest Pray'rs,
Do an unnatural Deed that thus should pierce
The tender Bowels of the Wretch that bore thee?

Ulam. And how could I avoid it? how resist
Th' Almighty Voice of God, and the great Call
Of Nature urging me to repel Force
By Force, and to defend my self and you?

Sak. O name not me! for me thou hast undone.

Ulam. And how could I resist my Country's Call?
That awful Call that in extream Distress
Aloud implor'd my Aid?

Sak. Thy Country! Ah! thou fought'st against it, *Ulamar*,
And hast embru'd thy Hands in its dear Blood.

Ulam. My Hands are nobly painted with the Blood
Of Hurons and of French, its mortal Foes.

Sak. And canst thou then so utterly forget.

That

That thou wert born upon th' Huronian Lake?

Ulam. No, but I know that I am an Angian now,
My Hand, my Heart, my Soul are Angians all.

Sak. And has a twelve Years Bondage so estrang'd thee,
That thou esteem'st thy Countrymen thy Foes?
O Weakness to be pitied or despis'd!

Ulam. For ever blest be that eternal Pow'r
That gave me a Human comprehensive Soul,
That can look down upon all narrow Principles.
For every brave Man's Country is the Universe,
His Countrymen Mankind, but chiefly those
Who wish the Happiness of all the rest,
And who are Friends to all their Fellow Creatures:
And such are all the brave Iroquian Tribes,
Such are th' unconquer'd English, free themselves,
And loving all who actually are free,
And all who sadly sigh for Liberty;
But hating Tyrants and their Slaves alike,
And equally contemning both as fall'n
Below the Dignity of Human Nature.

Sak. Tyrants are odious, Slaves are to be pitied,
Our own sad Fate has told us so.

Ulam. To me all Slaves are odious as their Tyrants,
I mean all Slaves who are the Tools of Tyrants,
They are true Slaves, who have the Souls of Slaves,
And worse than Beasts make use of their own Hands,
To clinch the Chains which first their Masters tied.
Such tame and wretched things are all your Hurons,
No Countrymen for me who here disown them,
Such are those Pests of Human Race the French,
Damn'd to eternal Slavery themselves,
And therefore would like Devils damn Mankind.

Sak. The Hurons thou disown'st, disown them still,
But know amongst them are thy dear Relations,
Whom God and Nature charges thee to cherish:
How canst thou tell that in the late fought Field
Thou didst not meet my Father in thy Foe?
Yes, how canst thou be sure thou didst not lift

Thy

Thy impious Head against his sacred Life,
And stabbing me in him in whom I live,
Act in one blow a double paracide !

Ulam. When e'er I cease to hearken to the Dictates
Of the World's Ruler and his Servant Nature,
I shall deserve to be a thing accurst ;
In the late Fight that I might spare my Kindred,
I shun'd your Hurons and attack'd the French,
And urging thro' their troops my glorious Way,
I made a slaughter of their bravest Chiefs,
Which they will long with bitter Woe remember.

Sak. Ha ! have a care ! thou sayest Mankind's thy Kindred,
Among the French too thou might'st find Relations.

Ulam. 'Tis true we were created Brothers all,
And all descend from one eternal Sire ;
But whom the Father for his Sons disowns,
I own not for my Brethren ; no, the Brave
And Just are only Brethren worthy me,
And such I shall respect where e'er I find them.

Sak. And canst thou fondly think there are no such
Among the Squadrons of the warlike French ?

Ulam. I know there are.
When first in the late Fight with my good Sword,
I carried Death among the Faithless French ;
One of their foremost Leaders I observ'd,
Who mow'd our Iroquois like ripen'd Corn,
Extending them in Ranks along the Plain ;
With him went all his Souldiers Hearts and Eyes ;
And long live *Miramont* aloud they cry'd.

Sak. Ha ! *Miramont* ! Ah Gods ! [*Apart*] speak that again !

Ulam. Yes, long live *Miramont* aloud they cry'd.

Sak. Speak on, [*Apart*] tho' something dire is on thy Tongue.

Ulam. In short, that Frenchman shew'd himself so brave,
That he appear'd a Conquest worthy me.

Sak. By Heav'n the very dismal thing I fear'd. [*Apart.*]

Ulam. With Indignation stung I on him flew,
And in my first Attack was so successful,
That from his wounded Arm his Weapon dropt.

D

Sak. What

Sak. What will become of the forlorn *Sakia*! [Apart.

Ulam. Then with Revenge inflam'd I on him rush'd,
And my good Sword presenting to his Heart.

Sak. O Heav'n and Earth! O Nature canst thou bear it! [Apart.

Ulam. Die, die, said I, perfidious Villain die!

Sak. O *Miramont*, thou Darling of my Soul,
Would I had never heard of thee again! [Apart.
O wretched Father! and O cursed Son!

Ulam. Madam, you tremble, and a deadly Pale
O'erspreads your Face; what strange Disorder's this?

Sak. I'm always on the wrack when Blood is spilt.

Ulam. Then now be calm, for here no Blood was spilt.

Sak. How's that? indeed! is't possible! just Heav'n.

Ulam. Madam, 'tis certain.

For looking sternly in the Frenchman's Face,
While Fate stood threatening on my lifted Arm,
Thro' his undaunted Eyes I saw his Soul,
So great, so awful and so truly noble,
That I rever'd the Sight, and check'd my Hand,
And gave him Liberty, the Salt of Life,
And sent him to his own; and now you see,
I can acknowledge Virtue in a Foe,
And can respect it, and reward it too.

Sak. Ha! what a turn of wondrous Fate is here?
And how shall I conceal my impetuous Joy?

Miramont lives, my Soul's Desire is near me,
And Happiness begins to dawn from Heav'n;
He lives; and Love and I shall meet again.

Oh! unexpected ravishing return,
To Bliss, too swift and mighty to be born!

'Twas but last moment that I felt Despair,
The very worst of ills; and now I hope,
Ay now I entertain the charming Hope,
Of holding him of whom my Soul is fond,
Of holding him in these desiring Arms,
And I shall see, O I shall die with Joy!

Yes, I shall see my Love, my Life again.

O let me see him, Gods, and let me die!

Ulam. Ma-

Ulam. Madam, your Looks discover great Disorder.
She hears me not, nor sees me; now her Eyes
Seem deeply fix'd upon some absent object;
And now they wildly rowl.
What mean these Musings, and these sudden Starts?
And these Convulsions that thus shake her Soul!
Heav'n long preserve my Mother! Madam hear me,
Some body comes, retire before they approach,
And be not seen in this extreme Disorder.

[Leads her out, and returns.]

S C E N E III. Ulamar, Beaufort.

Beauf. My *Ulamar*!

Ulam. My Friend.

Ha! thou look'st sad, whenever thou art griev'd,
Alas I find 'tis I my self that suffer;
What Thought disturbs my Friend?

Beauf. Thy sympathizing Grief disturbs thy Friend,
But when I think of losing thee, oh then!

Ulam. That loss would quickly be repair'd, for thou,
Who mad'st me what I am can't make another;
And form him fit for Friendship and for thee.

Beauf. 'Twas Heav'n alone could make thee what thou art,
A Jewel of inestimable Price,
I added to thy Lustre, not thy Worth,
And the small Pains I took to make thee shine,
Makes thee more pretious in my joyful Eyes;
But when I think of losing thee.

Ulam. I will not think of losing thee,
I cannot bear the Thought.

Beauf. Whose must *Irene* be?

Ulam. Heav'n only knows,
But will alas in one half Hour declare.

Beauf. Whose is her Heart, for thou hast oft enquir'd.

Ulam. But never yet could find.

Beauf. To me she still has too respectful been,
And much too cold and too indifferent.

Ulam. And too uneasy and reserv'd to me.

Beauf. Perhaps some happier Man among the Crow'd,
Of her Adorers while we sigh in vain,
Possesses all her Soul; 'tis hard to think,
That she whose Beauty captivates all Hearts,
Should be like Virtue, with her self content,
And never know desire.

Try her once more at this important Juncture,
For I have search'd into her Heart in vain;
'Tis true, my Soul is of her Beauty fond,
As ev'n of Glory, with whose noble fire,
It twenty Years successfully has burn'd;
Yet I who see my fortieth Sun renew'd;
Will entertain no Passion that revolts,
From Reasons sovereign and eternal Law.
'Tis true I would, for who would not be blest?
But will not by her Misery be blest.

Ulam. Nor I by Heav'n!

Beauf. But now let me conjure thee *Ulamar*,
Ev'n by that charming Hope that makes us languish,
By holy Friendship's venerable Bond
That now confines us in this strict Embrace,
By the Remembrance of those happy Hours
Which we have past exciting one another
To elevated Thoughts and glorious Deeds;
For whomsoever Fate reserves *Irene*,
Oh let him not be blest by halves,
Let him not lose his Friend?
May never any Coldness come till Death,
Between our Loves and us!

Ulam. Not Death himself
Unless he quite extinguishes my Mind,
Shall make me cold to *Beaufort*.

Beauf. But our Fate comes, and I must disappear.

S C E N E IV. *Ulamar, Irene.*

Iren. Was not that *Beaufort*? why does he avoid us?
What makes him look so sad?

Ulam. By

Ulam. By Heav'n she seems concern'd for him. [Apart.
Thrice happy *Beaufort*!
Whose Sorrow ev'n in absence has the force,
To move your Soul, while I before your Eyes
Unpitied can despair.

Iren. Ah you mistake me, *Ulamar*!
Oh that I had the Pow'r as I have the Will
To bring soft Peace to ev'ry troubled Breast!

Ulam. And 'tis that Virtue that undoes me more,
'Tis not that Angel's Face, nor Angel's Form,
That Form surpassing all your lovely Sex;
'Tis not that winning Pomp of outward Graces
Which upon you, as on their Queen attend;
But 'tis your mind that Captivates my Soul,
Your Mind in Youth's first Bloom with ev'ry Grace,
And ev'ry Virtue fraught, as if that Heav'n
And Nature's self took pleasure to instruct you.
Before I beheld thee my restless Soul,
To something high, to something great aspir'd;
But what I ne'er could tell, till seeing thee
And knowing thee inform'd and fix'd my ravish'd Soul,
And shew'd it what with blind and restless search
Before it sought in vain; yes, shew'd it Virtue:
Virtue it self that by great Heav'n's Command,
Assumes that lovely Form t'attract Mankind,
And draw them to it self.
But while you captivate the gazing World
You still remain serene, as if that Heav'n
Design'd you not to love but be ador'd,
Appearing not to know how very warm
How sharply pointed are those fatal Eyes;
Smiling, you kill and know not that you strike,
And we with Pleasure die.

Iren. Oh fond mistaken *Ulamar*! oh never more deceiv'd!
Know all the Extremities of Love I feel.

Ulam. You love?

Iren. I am all Love, I burn, I die with Love.

Ulam. 'Tis sure for some immortal Being then,
For mortal Man could ne'er conceal his Joy.

Iren. A-

Iren. Alas he knows it not no more than *Ulamar*.

Ulam. Let him be told it e'er it be too late ;
Is it for *Beaufort* ? I'll resign to *Beaufort*,
For tho' I love thee more than Life it self,
Tho' 'tis impossible to live without thee ;
To shew thee how much I prefer thy Happiness
Before my own, I will to make thee happy,
I will leave thee the loveliest thing in Nature,
For Death the most detestable.

Iren. *Beaufort*, assure thy self has all my esteem,
But 'tis another that has all my Heart.

Ulam. O Man whose Happiness, ev'n Gods might envy !
My Friend and I, for I for him dare answer,
Will no advantage take of what the Council,
And wise *Zepharion* shall anon determine ;
But both, oh Gods, to him resign our Claim !

Iren. [*Aside.*] O matchless Love ! O proof of Godlike Virtue !
While he speaks this behold with what Convulsions
His struggling Passion shakes his generous Frame,
With whose excess he trembles and he dies.

Ulam. But oh ! if ever thou could'st be too blame,
Thou would'st be so in this, for why ? oh why
Hast thou so long conceal'd the fatal Secret ?

Iren. Because I never could 'till now declare it
Without exposing too much shameful Weakness ;
Therefore my raging Passion I confin'd,
Which burning inward prey'd upon my Life ;
But from the Man I lov'd I hid it most.
In this alas I sympathize with you ;
'Tis not my Lover's Form ensnares my Heart,
Tho' his our Anglian Virgins all adore ;
But when I saw a Youth in his first Bloom
Lead our brave Iroquois with more success
Than our most ancient and experienc'd Warriors,
Perform such Wonders for his Countrey's Safety,
And for the Libertys of Humankind ;
To which he sacrifices his Repose,
And ev'n his Life, and Hazards the enjoyment
Of what he loves much dearer ev'n than Life.

Ulam.

Ulam. Oh Gods! O Transport! whither is she going?

Iren. When I beheld all this you may be sure,
Th'Almighty Mind has giv'n to me a Soul,
That could not see a Lover with these Virtues;
These Godlike Virtues, and remain insensible,
The Joy that lightens from thy humid Eyes
Informs me that thou understand'st me, *Ulamar*,
And I design'd thou should'st; but then be sure
Thy godlike Virtue which inflam'd my Heart
Has in my Breast produc'd the noble Pride
Of imitating so much Excellence.
As thou hast sacrific'd Repose and Life,
And hazarded th'enjoyment ev'n of me,
Whom thou lov'st more than Life, for thy dear Countrey;
I tho' a Woman nobly will attempt
To emulate thy singular Example.
And tho' I love, nay doat, to Madnefs doat,
Tho' my Heart feels what never Tongue can utter,
Yet if my Countrey once decrees me *Beauforts*,
For *Beaufort* I'll retrieve my Heart,
And never see thee more.

Ulam. Oh too accomplish'd *Beaufort*! Oh my Friend!
What have I lost by thy transcendent Virtue?

SCENE V. Zephario, Irene, Ulamar, Beaufort.

Ulam. What has Fate determin'd?

Beauf. See its Interpreter, enquire of him.

Ulam. Beauf. Hail to *Zephario*.

Zeph. Ye matchless Friends, thou *Beaufort*, and thou *Ulamar*,
Are ye determin'd fully to consent
To what the Angians here by me pronounce.

Ulam. Beauf. We are.

Zeph. In full Assembly then they vote you Thanks
For all the Wonders ye this Day perform'd,
In the Defence of Liberty and *Canada*;
To thee particularly Thanks they pay,
Brave Youth, who by the Boldness of thy Conduct

(Bold—)

(Boldness in desperate Extrems is Wisdom)
 Rallying our routed Troops restor'd the Day,
 And nobly rais'd us from Despair to Conquest:
 For which the Conscience of the noble Deed
 And everlasting Fame Reward the Doer;
 But since in the first onset of the French
 That fierce Attack that carry'd all before it;
Beaufort by wondrous Friendship mov'd preserv'd
 Thee, *Ulamar*, by our own flying Troops
 As by a Torrent, overborn, o'erwhelm'd,
 Trampled by Friends, surrounded by the Foe,
 And stood the Barrier betwixt thee and Fate,
 That threatned thee from Friends and Foes alike;
 The Council wisely have decreed, that he
 Who sav'd th'Heroick Youth to whom we owe
 Our Conquest, did with him preserve the State;
 And therefore have decreed him for Reward
 A Trifle in it self, but dear to him
 My Daughter.

Beauf. Madam do you consent?

Iren. I do.

Beauf. My *Ulamar* dost thou?

Ulam. Oh take her while I have Voice to say she's thine!

Beauf. Oh strange Consent!

Despair is in her Eyes, and Death in his.

Madam, your Tongue consents, your Soul denys.

Iren. 'Tis true, my Soul, brave *Beaufort*, is another's;
 But soon, depend upon it, shall be thine,
 And shall as true and faithful prove to thee,
 As thou hast been to Liberty and *Angie*:
 True, were my Affections mine, and I my own
 Then, *Ulamar*, I had been only thine,
 But I was born for *Angie* not my self;
 And *Angie*, *Beaufort*, has decreed me thine.
 Thou, *Ulamar*, possess some happier Maid,
 Who may deserve to live, to die with thee,
 And bleis the happy pair, all Bounteous Heav'n
 When I shall be no more.

Beauf. Apart. Was ever such a sight, and such a Hearing?
 The

The Accents dye upon her charming Tongue,
 And leave her lovely over-flowing Eyes
 To pour out the abundance of her Soul.
 I who cou'd dye for *Ulamar* or her,
 Shall I make both unhappy, nay my self too?
 For I must doubly share in all their Woes.
 No, rouse thy self my Soul, and in one Act
 Deliver three: I now am of an Age
 In which the Passions Reason's voice obey,
 And Reason tells me Heav'n and Nature form'd
Irene for her Lovely *Ulamar*;
 And therefore made them equal in their Loves,
 Their Beauty and their Years: Rouse, rouse my Soul!
 'Tis done, my Friend, and thou too charming Maid,
 And wise *Zephario* hear, I thank the *Angians*,
 I thank them for th' Inestimable Gift
 With which they have rewarded my poor Zeal,
 And I accept it, to bestow it Here.

[Friend!

Ul. Ha! Gods! what mean'st thou? Mock me not, my
Beauf. No, take her, by th' Eternal Mind she's thine;
 And know that when I first bestow'd my Heart
 My very Soul upon thee I bestow'd,
 A Gift that was less dear to me.

Iren. Is't possible! and is not this a Dream?
 Can there in Man be such a Godlike Mind?

Zeph. And is your final Resolution this?

Beauf. 'Tis fix'd as Natures Laws that ne'er can change.

Zeph. Do you accept *Irene* for your Wife?

Ul. Do I accept her?

With greater Rapture than the Wretch that's freed
 From Deaths Convulsive Pangs embraces Heav'n:
 But oh the Man, who loves to that degree
 And can resign her; He alone deserves her.

Zeph. The Deed is Noble, for 'tis Wise and Just;
 The *English* always were a Gallant Nation,
 And Foes to Force, and Friends to Liberty.

They who without the Mind possess the Body,
 Possess by Force, and *Ravish*, not *Enjoy*:

He who can absolutely rule himself,

And can leave others free, is truly Noble:

Young Man prepare, this Night shall joyn your Hands.

Ul. This very Night!

By the Immortal Powr's, I'm scarce my self,

Fear, Hope, and Sorrow, and transporting Joy,
And Wonder at this unexpected Bliss,
Have all by turns so much disturb'd my Soul:
This very Night, my Father!

Zeph. This Night, my Son: For an important Cause,
Frontenac, Viceroy of this *Indian France*,
Disowns the Treason of the late Attempt,
And promises severely to chastize it:
Mean while a Murmur runs among our *Angians*,
Which from their Prisoners they derive they say,
That the late Damn'd Surprise was first design'd
By a *French* Officer who loves *Irene*;
For every Band was charg'd to Seize on her:
Thou art a valiant and successful Warriour,
And canst defend the Darling of my Age,
Far better than her Father's feeble Arms.

Ul. Defend her! Yes, what *Beaufort* has resign'd
To me, I only will to Heav'n resign.
Oh *Beaufort*, best of Men, and best of Friends!
Shall I refuse to die for such a Friend?
Shall ever I forget the boundless Debt
I owe to thee? Oh what shall I repay!
Thou hast my Soul already.

[*Zep.* to *Ul.*] Come instantly, we'll join your Hands, and then
See what these Messengers of Peace design,
And then———

Ul. And Immortality will then be mine.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Sakia, *Ulamar*.

Sak. **W**HY hast thou staid so long, ungrateful *Ulamar*?
I sent thee Word, that thy late dreadful Tale
Had rais'd such various Furies in my Soul,
As left me impotent of Thought or Speech,
And snatch'd me so entirely from my self,
That the important Business was unmention'd,
For which that Conference was first design'd.
Thou hast often said, my Son, that thou desirest
To know thy Father.

Ul. Yet you unkindly kept him still conceal'd.

Sak.

Sak. Believe it Son, there was a wondrous Cause :
But wherefore would'st thou know him?

Ul. That if he leads the *Hurons* out to Fight,
I might in Battle shun him.

Sak. Is that the only Cause of thy Desire?
Know that in Battle, shou'dst thou meet thy Father,
Great Nature whisp'ring with her Voice Divine,
Would make thee stop thy eager murd'ring Hand,
In spite of all thy sacred Thirst of Blood ;
Or else some Genius with no mortal Tone,
Would thunder in thy Ears, Forbear, 'tis He.
And wouldst thou only know him to avoid Him?
Is that the only Cause of thy Desire?
Thou shouldst desire to know him to embrace him;
And to revere the Fountain of thy Life;
From which the Graces of thy manly Form,
And all thy boasted Excellences flow.

Ul. Then name him.

Sak. The naming him on thee, my Son, depends.
Yet thus far thou shalt know thy noble Father ;
The best and bravest of Mankind is he;
And, oh, he loves thee Son, he loves thee more
Than his own lovely Eyes, he lives for thee ;
And me he loves with such an Air and Meen,
As if some God came down to adore his Creature :
Oh none can love but he! Oh none can show
Such Majesty with so much Sweetness joyn'd,
Such Tendernefs with Fury reconcil'd,
So firm a Constancy with so much Flame,
Such Rapture with inimitable Grace;
And then a Wisdom, and a Tongue might charm
The Ears of listening Angels : Know, my Son,
Thou wilt be fond, be proud of such a Father.

Ul. Madam, his Name?

Sak. Once more, the naming him on thee depends :
Before thou hear'st his Name, thou must conclude
This profer'd Peace; and must renounce for ever —

Ul. Whom?

Sak. The Daughter of *Zepharia*.

Ul. *Irene*?

Sak. What; dost thou start?
Yes, disobedient Boy, thou must renounce Her.

Ul. My Wife?

Sak. Thy Wife? Impossible!

Ul. This hour our Hands were joyn'd, this very hour
With solemn Invocation I implor'd
Th' Eternal Mind, and every Power to Witness
That nought but Death should part my Love and me.

Sak. To thee thy Father then for ever's lost.

Ul. Wherefore?

Sak. He bears to every *Angian* mortal Hate.

Ul. Let him but look on her, that Hate will cease.

Sak. He oft indulging his fond tender Thoughts,
He oft would please himself with Thoughts of thee,
And of thy Fortune, and thy future Deeds,
And of the Wife design'd for thee; a Wife
Of quite a different Stamp, than thou hast chose.

Ul. One who has greater Beauty than *Irene*?

Sak. No, to confess a Truth, that cannot be.

Ul. Of greater Interest then, perhaps than she?

Sak. Of greater Interest say'st thou?

Ah no! His generous Soul disdains the Thought,
The Wife that He design'd for thee, was one
Whom Education should with Nature join,
To form her an Associate worthy thee!
One fit t' assist thee in the ways of Virtue,
And help to raise thy Soul to glorious Acts.

Ul. What he design'd then, Providence has done,
And joyn'd me to the very Lovely She,
Whom had my Father known, he wou'd have chose.

Sak. Ha!

Ul. And has not *Beaufort* told you what *Irene*
Did at that Conference, that made her mine?

Sak. He told me that, but kept the Match conceal'd.

Ul. Was ever any thing so Great, so Noble?

Sak. I must confess, it was no common Act.

Ul. Was ever so much Greatness seen before?
My Father will be pleas'd, will be transported,
To be allied to such Transcendent Virtue.
Ev'n *Europeans*, Amorous of themselves,
And their own ways, exalt it to the Skies.
And generous *Beaufort* freely has declar'd
He never heard of any thing so great,
Among their Godlike *Romans*.

Sak. Is't possible?

Ul. My Father when he sees her will be charm'd,
My Father loudly will approve my Choice.

Sak.

Sak. O all ye Immortal Pow'rs, I am convinc'd;
Remove one hindrance, which thou can'st remove,
And thy poor Mother may be happy still.

Ul. Name it.

Sak. This Marriage ties thee to a hateful Interest,
Repugnant to thy Father's: But the *French*
Now proffer Peace, that Peace is in thy Pow'r;
Conclude it, and your Interests will be one.

Ul. But that on me depends not.

Sak. That on thee,
On thee alone, assure thy self, depends;
The *Angians* have instated thee and *Beaufort*,
And thy new Father, with unbounded Pow'r
To make firm Peace, or to continue War.
And two of you decide th' important Business.
Zephario strongly is inclin'd to thee;
And the *English* Interest is so clearly known,
As may make *Beaufort* easily suspected.

Ul. But Madam.

Sak. Hear me yet my Son a while;
If with the *French* and *Hurons* thou conclud'st
A solid Peace, survey the vast Advantages
Which will from thence Accrue, to thee and thine,
For let th' Exchange of Captives be one Clause,
And then that Peace restores thee to thy Father.

Ul. How are you sure he Lives?

Sak. He Lives, he Lives, the Darling Care of Heav'n!
This I'm assur'd, by one, who in the Fight,
Both saw and felt, and wonder'd at his Valour:
And thee he says, he saw so very near,
That by th' assistance of thy Guardian Spirit,
Thou narrowly, Oh! narrowly did'st miss
The Murder of thy Father.

Ul. Oh Heav'n! I'm seiz'd with Horrour when I hear it.

Sak. Prevent it for the future,
Dread what may happen, and conclude a Peace;
And as that Peace restores thee to thy Father,
So it secures thy Fair, thy lov'd *Irene*;
For she may else, while thou mak'st distant War,
Be torn from thee, as I was from thy Father.

Ul. Ay that wou'd make a Wretch of me indeed.

Sak. All my own Interest, I pass in Silence,
And all my Grievs, for I'm too well convinc'd,

That thou can'st look insensibly on both.

Ul. Madam you wrong me.

Sak. No, thou hat'st thy Mother.

Ul. Hate you?

Sak. And yet bear Witness Heav'n and Earth, bear witness
My cruel'st Foes, with what a tender Care,
With what an ardent Love, I've cherish'd thee,
Oh *Ulamar*, my Life's not so Dear to me,
For I have liv'd for thee alone; Just Heav'n!
For twenty Years I've plac'd my sole Felicity,
Nay all my Wishes, all my Hopes of Happiness,
On two dear Objects, on a Son and Husband:
From thy dear Father I have long been torn,
And kept a mournful Widow and a Slave
In insupportable Captivity,
Disconsolate, forlorn, and desolate
Among my barbarous and insulting Foes;
And have been forc'd to bear their Bloody Taunts,
And all the Malice of their murdering Eyes:
Yet thou for whom I have endur'd all this,
For whom I groan away my wretched Hours,
Thou hast refus'd to dry thy Mother's Eyes,
But prov'st a cruel and a bitter Child to me,
Untouch'd by all my Grief, unmov'd by all my Love.

Ul. Once more you wrong me, Madam;
I always have profess'd exact Obedience to you,
Beyond the Custom of our *Indian* Sons;
For such Obedience my best Friend has taught me.

Sab. Yes!

Witness the Battel fought this bloody Morn,
And the Clandestine Match this Evening made.

Ul. I thought you had been satisfy'd in both.

Sab. Why do'st thou not Obey me, now Ingrate!
When thy Obedience is most necessary.

Thou know'st the sinking Pressure under which
I for twelve Years have bow'd my wretched Head,
Have pass'd my tedious Days in Tears and Wails,
My Nights in fearful Dreams and broken Slumbers:
Thou see'st my faded Cheek, my languid Eye,
And hear'st me breath the rueful Voice of Sorrow:
Thou know'st this Peace wou'd end my killing Care,
And drive all Sadness from my Eyes for ever.
For the bare Thought of seeing thy Dear Father,

Makes Joy like Lightning dart along my Soul;
And raises ev'ry Sense to native Vigour.
Oh yet thy Mother might be blest to envy!
But her lov'd Son will have her wretched still;
Thou know'st this Peace is only in thy pow'r;
Yet knowing this, hast thou vouchsaf'd to give
One word of Comfort to revive my Soul?
Yes, cruel, hast thou once vouchsaf'd t' assure me
That thou determin'st to conclude this Treaty?
Hast thou not stood insensible and dumb?

Ul. But first 'tis requisite to hear the *French*;
And then in what I can you shall be obey'd.

Sak. In what thou can'st? in what thou wilt, thou mean'st:
Yes, yes, my Son, thou shalt be soon discharg'd
Of all the Duty which thou ow'st to me,
But yet a while and thou wilt have no Mother,
And then too late thou may'st vouchsafe a Sigh
For all the Misery I've undergone,
For all the Woe I yet must undergo,
In that strange Region of departed Souls,
Where I must languish out my woful Hours
In Expectation of my dearest Husband,
And of my cruel but my much-lov'd Son.

Ul. Canst thou hear this, my Soul, and not be mov'd?

Sak. I never in this World shall see thee more,
And here thou never wilt thy Father know;
Then to th' Eternal Mind, and his Protection,
I leave thee, O my Son: Bless, bless him Heav'n;
I have born Wretchedness enough for both;
I leave him to thy Care. Adieu, my Son!
A long Adieu in this Embrace receive.

Ul. Madam, by all that's Sacred I adjure you
Not to commit a rash and cursed Deed;
Wait the Result at least of this Debate.

Sak. And dost thou give me Hope then?

Ul. I do.

Sak. Well then! Since thou wilt have it so, I'll wait;
But know, on that Result depends my Fate.

S C E N E II. *Ulamar.*

Ul. She's gone! Perhaps for ever: How! For ever!
And canst thou name it? Canst thou bear the Thought?
The kindest, tender'st, and the best of Mothers?

She

She who has liv'd for thee, for thee has born——

Oh what has she not born——

Yet her canst thou desert? Canst thou see her die?

By thy Unkindness die? O barbarous Son,

Ungrateful *Ulamar*! But then the *Angians*!

Canst thou abandon them? Betray their Cause?

The Cause of Human-kind? Of Godlike Liberty?

What, canst thou give up that to these fly Traytors,
Insidious Slaves, who insolently think

To fool these Nations, and obtain by Truce

What their base Fears restrain them from pursuing

By honourable War? Eternal Mind,

Master of Life, great Mover of all Spirits,

O guide my Will by thy unerring Light!

And by that Light illustrate my dark Reason:

Do thou inspire me with expedient Ways,

That I may neither give up thy great Cause,

Nor yet betray my poor afflicted Mother.

But see, the *French* appear. *[Flat Scene draws.]*

S C E N E III. *Zephario, Ulamar, Beaufort, and
two Embassadors.*

Ze. Well *Frenchmen*, here you come to treat of Peace;
But first this obvious Question must be ask'd,
How comes it we have War?

Ul. Because the Truce they Treacherously broke,
Tho' by themselves propos'd, and first begun.

Beau. As they will this; for Peace is of no Use
To them, but to be broke.

Five solemn Leagues in *European* Climes,
Ev'n in our own Remembrance have they broke,
Tho' by themselves those Treaties were begun;
And which with damn'd Perfidiousness they swore,
Ev'n by that Pow'r that saw their faithless Hearts,
To keep eternally inviolate.

Ul. It seems then, when they find themselves too weak
To hurt their Foes by honourable War,
They oblige us then to Swear not to hurt them.

Beau. Nay more, they make us Swear to give them Time
And Opportunity to urge our Fate;
That as false Friends, they may gain that by Treaty,
Which they could not by Enmity nor Force.

1 *Emb.* The breaking Truce, was a rash private Act,
Which *Frontenac* our Governor disowns.

2 *Emb.* And which he since severely has chastis'd.

1 *Emb.* Know that the mighty Monarch whom we serve,
Has sent strict Orders to Count *Frontenac*,
To make a solid and a lasting Peace,
With all the warlike five *European* Tribes;
A Peace so firm, that 'tis his royal Will,
That you, and all his Subjects should be one.

Ul. That is, that we would be alike his Slaves.

2 *Emb.* Oh you mistake his bountiful Design;
He sees and pities the Barbarity,
In which so brave a Nation now lyes plung'd;
And he would civilize your rugged Ways;
Therefore his faithful Subjects he commands,
To have one Heart, one Soul, one Dwelling with you.

Ul. But that Proposal we reject with Scorn.

Mel. Consider we shall teach you our own Manners,
Those pleasing Manners, which the World admires,
And which the wisest Nations have embrac'd.

Beau. The wisest Nations! Yes, the Fools of all:
Oh *Europe, Europe!* How hast thou been dull
To thy undoing? How thy heedless Magistrates
Have suffer'd poor unthinking Sots, to unlearn,
Their Native Customs, and their native Tongues,
To speak your Jargon, and assume your Ways.

Mel. Which argues in us a Superior Genius.

Beau. I must confess it makes our Fools believe so;
Inclines their groveling Souls to their worst Foes,
And makes them obvious to your shameful Arts;
Makes them admire you, makes them imitate you,
Tho' awkwardly our Asses ape your Dogs.

Ul. What have you taught the Nations after all?
What have you taught them but inglorious Arts;
To emasculate their Minds? But cursed Luxury,
Which makes them needy, venal, base, perfidious,
Black Traitors to their Country, Friends to you.

Beau. For you win Provinces, as Hell gains Souls;
'Tis by corrupting them you make them yours:
They might defie your Malice were they faithful:
But first you enslave them to their own base Passions;
And afterwards to yours.

SCENE IV. Zeph. Ula. Beaufort, 2 *Emb. Slave.*

Ul. Ha! Mother's Slave! What wouldst thou? [*Apart to him*

Sl. Your Mother —

Ul. Well —

Sl. Stands with her threatening Dagger in her Hand.

Ul. Oh Horror! Horror!

My Fancy cannot bear the murd'ring Thought.
Tell her, her harsh Command shall be obey'd.

SCENE V. Zeph. Ula. Beauf. 2 *Emb.*

Ul. Now Gentlemen, we to our Business come;
Such a Community as you propose
We utterly reject, because that Union
Would first corrupt our *Angians*, then enslave them;
The only Treaty to which we descend.

Beauf. How *Ulamar*.

Mel. Oh *Englishman*, your separate Interest here
Is but too obvious.

Ul. Hold *Frenchman*:

My Friend, no more, anon thou shalt be satisfy'd.

Beauf. In the mean while —

Ul. No more, by holy Friendship I adjure thee,
Thou shalt be satisfy'd; but to our Business;
The Treaty to which we descend is this;
A Treaty of Commerce between us and you,
And a Cessation of Hostilities between our selves and you,
And your Confederates
The *Hurons*, and exchange of all the Captives:
To this you agree?

Zeph. I do, for this is *Angies* Interest.

Ul. And you?

2 *Fr.* And we,

Ul. And this to observe most solemnly you swear;
By all that's awful in yon glittering Sky,
And all that's binding in the World below.

2 *Fr.* We swear: And you?

Zeph. We swear.

1 *Emb.* So then 'tis done; The *English* are dislodg'd?

Beau. They need not fright thee;

A League from hence they lye entrench'd to Night,
And towards *New-York* to Morrow take their Way.

2 *Emb.* And all your *Angians* have laid down their Arms.

Ul.

Ul. E'er we began to Treat, the *English* march'd,
And ours dispers'd according to our Words.

1 Emb. The Remnant of the Night, let's waste in Joy then.

Ul. The publick Deputies in yon Apartment
Attend to entertain you.

1 Emb. We wait on you.

Ul. We follow you.

SCENE VI. *Ulamar and Beaufort.*

Ul. What turn'st thou from thy Friend, O *Beaufort*, *Beaufort*.

Beau. What hast thou done, fond Youth?

Ul. O look not with that mournful Coldness on me,
Thou art my Benefactor, Father, Friend;
'Tis by thy generous Friendship I have liv'd;
Alas I cannot bear the freezing Gloom
That's on thy Brow, it chills me to the Heart.

Beau. Reflect on what thou hast done.

Ul. Oh speak not *Beaufort* in that cruel Tone!
Where is my Friend, my warm, my tender Friend,
For in thy alter'd Meen I see him not,
Nor hear him in thy Voice.

Beau. Thou hast betray'd him, lost him.

Ul. Not for the World, I would not lose my *Beaufort*:
What-e'er I did, thy Friend was forc'd to do.

Beau. Forc'd?

Ul. Yes, forc'd, and with the only dreadful Force
That could compel my Soul,
My Mother's Life depended on the Deed.

Beau. Yes, yes, I grieve the Cause;
Ay, this is what has captivated *Europe*,
Where their domestick Interest most prefer
Before the Weal and Honour of their Country,
Tho' private Good on publick Weal depends;
And he who for his House betrays his Country,
Betrays his Family, betrays his Children,
All his Posterity to shameful Ruin,
And makes them poor, precarious, abject, base,
Instead of happy, rich, or great, or brave;
And this, fond Youth, thou wilt too surely find.

Ul. Oh spare me *Beaufort*, spare me.

Beau. Yes, I have done, this is Revenge enough,
For one who loves thee.

Ul. Oh that blest Sound! How it revives my Soul!

Beau. This for a Friend, is Chastisement enough;
Or if thy Fault asks more, thy new Allies
Too surely will inflict it; for their Friends,
Their Friends are they, who feel their barbarous Hands,
Most grievous and most bloody.

Ul. Nay, now thou chid'st again.

Beau. Oh! No, my Friend, my Happiness, my Glory,
'Tis now that I would chiefly shew I love thee;
For since with so much Tenderness we have liv'd,
And Fate at last obliges us to part,
And that for ever, let us part in Love.

Ul. What, must we part?

Beau. Part, *Ulamar*? Why that's the very thing
Thy new Allies design'd.

'Tis by dividing old and faithful Friends
That they oft ruin both; 'tis their old Cheat.

Ul. But sure thou didst not say for ever!

Beau. Too probably for ever.

Ul. Curst unforeseen Calamity! But when?

Beau. This Moment.

Ul. This Moment! 'Tis impossible.

Beau. This Moment to my Troops I take my way,
I doubt the *French*, and dare no longer stay:
Adieu, my Friend.

Ul. For ever, *Beaufort*! Let us part in hope.

Beau. *England* severely will revenge this Peace,
And leave the *Angians* to their new Allies,
And to their Mercy, which is dreadful Cruelty;
And I as *England's* faithful Son am bound,
To enter into all her Sentiments.

Ul. But yet thou wilt not hate me?

Beau. Oh never, never, 'tis not in my Pow'r;
My valued Friend, adieu!

Ul. This Parting's Death to me.

Beau. What is't to me then?
This Evening I resign'd *Irene* to thee,
Did that declare a vulgar Friendship? say.

Ul. Oh no! A matchless, unexampled one.

Beau. And yet thou hast depriv'd me of thy self too,
Irene now is thine, and thou art hers;
She soon will comfort thee, for *Beaufort's* Absence;
But only Death will drive away my Grief,
For I shall never never see thee more.

Ul. Why then thou wilt not sure be gone to Night;
For I have still ten thousand Things to say.

Beau. I must be gone, ev'n now I must be gone;
I doubt the *French*, and dare no longer stay,
For my brave Troops may all ere Morn be lost.

Ul. But 'tis a Gloomy and Tempestuous Night;
And thou hast a long League to march alone,
And yet thou say'st, there may be Danger near.

Beau. Oh I have lost all that I held most Dear;
Th' entirely Wretched need no Danger fear.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

U L A M A R.

Ul. **B** *Eaufort*; thy Loss sits heavy on my Soul!
For I shall never see the like again;
In whom the Flame of *English* Spirit shone,
A Greatness that adorns those generous Nations,
That never basely yet resign'd their Liberty!
A Magnanimity unknown to Slaves!
Oh how unlike our new Confederates he?
But yet this Night I will have Truce with Grief;
This Night I Consecrate to Love and Joy:
Haste then, my Fairest, my Espous'd, O haste;
And cheer thy Languishing Impatient *Ulamar*.

SCENE II. Sakia, Irene, Ulamar.

Sak. 'Tis late, and we will leave thee to thy Bride.

Ul. Well Madam! Now I hope you are satisfy'd!

Sak. Not thou thy self art more.

Ul. You own then, I have reason to be satisfy'd.

Sak. Oh thou art Blest above the Race of Men,
Possessing all that's Good, and all that's Fair.

Ul. You have heard *Irene* talk, which till this Day
Your strange Aversion never would permit you:
What think you of her Mind?

Sak. Oh 'tis the very Mind of all her Sex,
That's fit to animate that lovely Person,
An Angel fit to inform the glorious Sphears;
Prepare thy self to Morrow for new Transports,
For then thou shalt behold the best of Fathers,
And I the best of Lovers in a Husband.

Ul.

Ul. He'll not refuse to see *Irene* sure,
Tho' born an *Angian*.

Sak. O no, my Son, he will not only see,
But will be Ravish'd with the Matchless Sight;
For thou hast chose exactly to his Wish;
And thy Choice answers to the Fair Idea,
The Lovely Image, and the perfect Mind
Which his rich Fancy form'd for thee:
Once more, ten Thousand Blessings on you both.

SCENE III. *Ulamar, Irene.*

Ul. Come to my Arms, thou Charming Wish of Souls!
The happy Night, the Auspicious Hour is come
That I so long have wish'd, so long Despair'd to see;
Make but this Bliss perpetual, O ye Pow'rs!
I ask no more, for I am Blest as you.
What's this? By all the Immortal Pow'rs in Tears!
And art thou griev'd, that thy poor Lover's blest?
Is this thy Constancy? Is this thy Flame?

Ire. My *Ulamar*! Since I declar'd my Love
When Decency almost forbad the Sound:
Now Heav'n has made it Duty, I must own
My Passion is my Darling Pride of Soul;
And never can *Irene* more be pleas'd
Than when her Lovely *Ulamar* is Blest:
But ah, a Sadness sits upon my Soul,
A fatal Load, that weighs it down from Bliss,
To which it would aspire, a black Prefage
That whispers to me, I must loose thee *Ulamar*.

Ul. The Gods forbid, that I should loose *Irene*,
Why shou'd my Love give way to such a Thought?

Ire. Oh *Ulamar*! My Happiness! My Life!
The blissful Days and Hours that I expect,
Now joyn'd in happy Nuptial League with thee,
Is surely what offends th' Immortal Pow'rs;
Such Bliss is far above a Mortal State,
For we should Live and be as Gods, my Love,
And that the Wrathful Pow'rs above deny.

Ul. This is meer Melancholly Fancy all.

Ire. Ah me! What dreadful Groan was that, as if
A thousand Wretches, in one Breath expir'd:
The Demons of the Air sure catch my Grief,
Confirming my Prefage:

Ul. 'Tis Fancy all, or next to Fancy Wind,
That raging makes the bending Forest roar.
No Dearest, if th' Immortal Pow'rs are Angry,
'Tis not with thee, for thou art Spotless all,
In whom not Earth, nor Heav'n a Fault can see;
No, 'tis with me who see all Heav'n before me,
And yet delay to taste of Immortality.
For Oh! I talk, I loiter out the Night,
Too, too Inestimable to be lost
In words: If we must talk, to Bed my Fair,
Where I shall whisper something to thy Soul
That is a Secret for the Gods and thee.
O those bewitching Blushes! How they dart
Cælestial Fire thro' all my Trembling Frame.
If there is cause to fear th' Immortal Pow'rs
Should snatch thee from me, let us live to Night,
This Blissful Night whole Ages let us live.

Ire. Bless me ye Pow'rs! What dismal Screem is that?
Heard you not something?

Ul. Plainly I heard, and wonder what it means.

Ire. Hark! hark! Another Shreek.

Ul. And now they Groan.

Ire. Now shouts of Joy succeed.
And now a Noise of Murder and of Fire.

SCENE IV. *Ulamar, Irene, Arimat Wounded.*

Ul. Ha! What art thou, thus Mangled, and thus Pale?
Canst thou be *Arimat*?

Ari. The poor Remains of *Arimat*.

Ul. Alas! Thou art dying.

Ari. Yes, there were two Things
That I had left to do in this frail World;
To save thee *Ulamar*, and then to dye.

Ul. Surprise has so confounded all my Pow'rs
That I want force to ask Thee, who has done this.

Ari. Who but our new Allies.

Ul. The *French*?

Ari. The faithless *French*.

Ul. Impossible! Thou rav'st, poor dying *Arimat*.

Ari. I would to Heav'n I did: The Perjur'd *French*
Rallying their routed Troops, came back by Stealth,
And for twelve Hours insidiously sat down
Under the Brow of yonder Northern Mount,

And

And there sat Brooding o'er their black Design.

Ul. How know'st thou this?

Ari. Aloud they boast it thro' our flaming Streets,
And how with ease by Night, they gain'd a Place,
Trusting to solemn Oaths so lately sworn;
Bury'd in Sleep, and quite dissolv'd in Luxury.

Ul. Confusion! *Angia* on the brink of Ruin,
And I stand loitering here! to Arms, to Arms.

Ari. Hold, *Ulamar*, I came not for that purpose;
'Tis now too late to Fight; for all our *Angians*,
Except a few, are Fled, or Slain, or Taken.

Ul. And why had I no sooner Notice?

Ari. Alas! All this has in few Minutes past,
For we were most without Defence surpriz'd,
Depending on this Night's so solemn Treaty.

Fly while thou can'st, brave *Ulamar*, Oh fly!

A dauntless handful still, of our brave Warriors,

With matchless Valour keep the Dogs at Bay;

Yet they but fight, to give thee time to fly;

Their Zeal to save their wretched sinking Country,

Against vast Numbers for a while sustains them,

That they may save in thee the Prop of Liberty,

The great Support of all th' *Iroquian* Tribes,

The only Hope of *Angia*.—

My fainting Limbs no longer will support me;

Receive me Earth, the Refuse now of Nature.

[Falls.

Fly *Ulamar*, e'er yet it be too late,

Or thou and *Angia* are like me no more.

[Dies.

Ire. He Dies.

Be gone my Love, without delay be gone.

Ul. And where alas wilt thou go?

Ire. To Life or Death I'll follow thee.

Ul. To Life thou can'st not, 'tis impossible.

For I must scale the Palisades t'escape.

The *French* possess the Gates; no Flight for me,

No, I must Die; but will not tamely Fall;

Nor unreveng'd; to Arms, to Arms.

SCENE V. *Ulamar, Irene, Zephario Wounded.*

Zep. O Horror! Horror! 'tis too late, my Son.

Ire. My Father bleeding? Stream my Eyes like Fount ain.

Zep. *Angia* has been, and we are now no more.

Die *Ulamar*, and thou *Irene* Die:

If thou would'st Die, as thou hast liv'd with Honour,
Die quickly, while thy wretched Country-men
The few Remains of *Angians*, scarce defend
The Entrance to this Place—— I can no more. [Dies.

Ire. He dies, he dies, and Heav'n looks calmly on.

Ul. Hark! hark! they come, retire my Love retire:
Now for the welcome that such Guests deserve.

SCENE VI. *Ula. Ire. Front. Mir. Officers and Soldiers. Fight.*

Front. Ha! Who art thou so young, yet dost such Wonders?
Thou art truly brave, by Heav'n.

Mir. So brave, that 'tis a most opprobrious Shame
That he should poorly be oppress'd by Odds:
My Lord, give Orders that your Men retire,
I am alone sufficient. [Advancing.

Front. Hold Kinsman, *Miramont* I charge thee hold.

Ul. Ha! *Miramont*!

Mir. Yes, what hast thou to say to *Miramont*?

Ul. Come on, and twice in one revolving Sun
Receive thy Life from me.

Mir. Ha! my Preserver?
These are the only Arms I'll use with thee; [Embraces.
Resign thy Sword and thy Defence to me:
This is Count *Frontenac* our Captain General,
Allied to me in Blood, allied in Soul,
Dearer than all Relations as my Friend,
And I have made him swear my brave Deliverer
Should be both Safe and Free.

Ul. This Morning by thy Looks I thought thee Honest,
And in thy Words a generous Mind appears;
How comes it that thou vilely could'st descend
To share the Guilt of this perfidious Act?

Mir. I share it not,
For I return'd not to attack the *Angians*,
But to deliver thee:
Know I detested this perfidious Deed;
But what can one against a Multitude,
Or the Commands of arbitrary Sway?
Our General too detests it in his Heart.

Ul. And yet performs it? What a Riddle's this?

Front. I dare not disobey superior Pow'r.

Ul. In all *New France* no Pow'r excels thy own.

Front. From *Europe* the severe Command arriv'd.

Ul. But why this odious Treason?

Front. Thrice have I Orders from the Court receiv'd,
To spare no Force, nor Art, nor Cost, nor Fraud,
To seize upon the General of the *Angians*,

Ul. Ha! Wherefore?

Front. 'Tis He's the furious Thunderbolt of War,
That makes th' unconquer'd *Iroquois* so dreadful,
To us more Mortal than a general Plague,
Consumes our Colonies, destroys our Men,
Slaughters our faithful Friends and our Allies;
Nay Vows t' Extirpate all the *Gallie* Race;
Their very Memories, and their Names from *Canada*.

Ul. Dost thou know Him!

Front. His Deeds have made him too much known to *France*,
But for his Face, I never yet beheld it;
Yet by the *Angians* obstinate Defence
Before this Place, I thought to have found him here;
Thou may'st discover where he lies conceal'd,
For the other Slaves are obstinately Dumb.

Ul. What would'st thou with him?

Front. When I have got him in my Pow'r, he dies,
For so my Orders from the Court require,
And I have Sworn he shall not live an hour.

Ul. Then rashly hast thou Sworn, and thou art Perjur'd.

Front. Presumptuous Boy!

Ul. Yes, thou art Perjur'd,
For thou hast sworn to thy Relation there,
The General of the *Angians* shou'd be free.

Front. Yet more presumptuous!
Wouldst thou, who art not old enough to serve;
Wouldst thou pretend to lead an Army

Ul. Yes;

They whom the Gods Inspire are ne'er too young,
And they have set up me, to save my Country;
And drive out Tyrants, from this *Indian* World.

Front. I see thou hast a Soul above thy Years,
And that exalted Soul must scorn a Lye;
Thou art the General then, since thou hast said it,
Here take him Guards, and lead him to his Fate.

Mir. Confusion! hold there! What do you mean, my Lord?

Front. I mean to take his Life.

Mir. But that you must not.

Front. How; must not?

Mir.

Mir. No; shall not, dare not.

Front. And who dares hinder me? I here am Absolute.

Mir. You have given your solemn Oath, and dare not break it.

Front. I had given the King my solemn Word before:
Is't not the King's Command?

Mir. No, 'tis unjust, the King can do no Wrong:
He who commands Injustice, is no King;
Nor are we bound t' Obey.

Front. Always a Male-content!

Mir. Am I alone?

Are there not Thousands here in *Canada*?
O would you hearken to great Nature's Call.

Front. Away! I hear thee not,
But for this *Angian*, instantly he dies.
Take him away there.

Mir. The Dog who first lays hold of him shall perish;
As long as I have Life, I will defend him.

Front. Hold there!
That Life is forfeited, if I wou'd take it;
But fondly thou presum'st upon my Love:
Ungrateful *Miramont*! Art thou my Friend,
Who seek'st my Infamy, who seek'st my Ruin?

Mir. I seek your Honour.

Front. My Honour! mind your own.

Mir. I will, I do:
Whose Honour here is more concern'd than mine?
Depending on your Faith, I gave my Honour
To see this noble Youth both safe and free;
And 'twas the Trust that he repos'd in that,
Made him deliver up his Sword to me:
I have giv'n my Honour, and I will maintain it;
And yours, tho' you neglect it.

Front. Ha! have a care!

Mir. I will have no care; here take my Life.
'Tis that I know you thirst for, and 'tis yours.

Front. I am but too tender of it.

Mir. To Tenderness thy Soul's an utter Stranger:
He tender of my Life, who takes my Honour!

Front. Upon thy Life no more: Come yet, I am thy Friend.

Mir. You never were.

Front. O thou wilt rouse the Lyon till he tears thee.

Mir. Here let him tear me! What's this wretched Breast,
Without the unfullied Jewel, of the which

You basely would deprive it.

Front. Ha! Am I then defy'd? here seize him Guards,
Kill him if he resists: Hold, Gods he bleeds!

Mir. Yes, 'tis the Blood so oft I've shed for you.

Front. It is indeed; that Thought cools all my Rage:
What woulst thou have at last? My utter Ruin?

Come, thou shalt have thy Wish.

But wilt thou then believe I am thy Friend?

Mir. How can you think that he desires your Ruin,
Who has so oft shed his best Blood to serve you?

No, I will die before I will see that;

Nay he shall die too:

But come my Lord, consider ere you Act;

Behold this noble Youth with all your Eyes,

Reflect upon his Worth, survey his Person.

Front. I have consider'd all.

Mir. Is not his Courage more than common?

Front. Heroick.

Mir. His Magnanimity?

Front. Godlike.

Mir. His Person?

Front. The Pleasure of my Eyes;

And were he not my Country's mortal Foe,

How I could doat on such uncommon Worth.

Mir. Come, come, my Lord, your Country's Foes are they,

Who trample under Foot its Native Rights:

Not they who Fight against Tyrannick Sway;

But all this while this Fair One we neglect:

Yet she is Fair——

Front. A Miracle of Beauty.

Mir. And seems to have a Soul above her Sex:

Look how her mournful Eyes move melting Pity!

In which the Greatness of her Mind appears,

That struggles to repress her mighty Woe;

So Soft, so Young, so Tender; yet so Firm!

By her this wretched Youth should be a Lover.

Is she thy Mistress, or thy Wife?

Ul. Oh thou hast found a way to break my Heart;

This stubborn Heart which Fate could not subdue!

For when I think of what she undergoes,

In my tumultuous Breast it sinks and dies.

Mir. Is she thy Mistress, or thy Wife? Nay speak.

Ul. Oh cruel Fate! Was ever Woe like mine?

Alas!

Alas ! She's both my Mistress and my Wife

Mir. We are no Strangers to the Pow'r of Love,
Nor to the Grief that hapless Love attends ;
We know how Cruel 'tis, to be thus torn
From all that's precious to our bleeding Hearts ;
And shall we inflict those piercing Woes on others?
My Lord, my Lord, by powerful Love I charge you,
Whose Captive you have been, and yet remain,
Or is the Object of your Flame forgot ?

Front. O never, never shall she be forgot !

Mir. Then by great Love, whose Captive you remain,
I here conjure you, spare this captive Pair ;
By the remembrance of that lovely Object,
By all the Bliss you enjoy'd with her so long
By all your bitter Woe for her sad Loss,
And by those Sighs you now profoundly draw
From your sad Heart, th' exhaustless source of Woe.

Front. O *Miramont* forbear, my Friend forbear ;
Thou hast rous'd the Vulture slumbring in my Breast,
That gnaws my Heart asunder.

Mir. If Separation's hard to you my Lord,
Who long possessest the Darling of your Heart,
And who from Life's Meridian now decline ;
What must it be to him, whose Youthful Blood
Feels all the Stings of violent Desire ?
To him my Lord, to whom Possession's new,
He and his Wife, in their first charming Bloom,
Can never have enjoy'd each other long.
How long hast thou been Marry'd ?

Ul. Ye Gods, ye Gods, let me not think of it !

Mir. Nay answer me, I ask it but to serve thee.

Ul. Thou seest that I am ready for my Fate ;
But let me dye, as I have liv'd, a Man,
For thou wilt make a Woman of me.
This very fatal Ev'ning joyn'd our Hands.

Mir. This Night ! this very Night ! O Earth and Heav'n,
Is't possible ? No ne'er was Woe like thine !
Thy Wife is then a Virgin, yet untouch'd,
And that thou lov'st her more than Life it self,
Thy ardent, and thy melting Eyes declare :
Thou for this Night perhaps hast languish'd long,
Or long hast been upon the painful Wreck,
Been tost alternately, from eager Hope

To mortal Fear ; from Fear to Hope again,
 And we surpriz'd thee in the last Impatience ;
 Eager for Bliss, and panting to the Goal ;
 And must Death cut off all thy charming Hope,
 Ev'n in th'enchanting height of Expectation ?
 This is unheard of, this is monstrous Cruelty.
 Come, you must melt, my Lord, you shall, you do,
 We shall not else be look'd upon as Men ;
 As Men ! the very Lion and the Tyger
 Would be less barbarous, would be less inhuman,
 And here's a Sight that in their Savage Breasts
 Might raise a tender Sense of human Woe.

Front. This is indeed deplorable.

Mir. My Lord, my Lord, you utterly forget,
 That we our selves have Wives and Children too,
 That languish, if they live, in hard Captivity,
 Tho' where we know not ; yet the Pow'rs above
 Behold them, and prepare with dreadful Plagues
 To visit our Crimes upon their Innocence,
 And all th'Injustice, and the crying Cruelty
 Which we inflict on this unhappy Pair,
 On those poor Innocents will be reveng'd.

Front. I'll hear no more ;
 For thou wilt melt me to my Ruin, *Miramont* ;
 And these by my Destruction thou wouldst save ;
 Thou know'st the King's Commands are most severe.

Mir. And most unjust.
 But arbitrary Kings are always Slaves
 To Interest : their implicit grand Command
 To all their Subjects, is to advance that,
 To which all Orders are suppos'd to tend :
 But 'tis the apparent Interest of the King,
 To spare this valiant Youth ; which when you shew——

Front. But how can I shew that ?

Mir. Why would the King destroy him ?

Front. Once more I tell thee ;
 Because he is his Mortal Foe declar'd,
 And is besides the universal Soul
 That warms, and moves, and animates these Nations,
 T'oppose his vast Designs, whom when they lose,
 The very Spirit that supports 'em's gone.

Mir. If he declares for us, they lose him more
 Than if he dies ; because we gain him then.

Front.

Front. But he's too lofty, and too fierce for that,
He'll ne'er declare for us.

Mir. [*apart.*] I would not have him, but I must gain time,
Which if I compass, I may yet preserve him.

[*To Front.*] Not instantly; his Soul's too great for that;
But give him Time, my Lord.

Front. The *English* may return, the *Angians* rally,
And then he may be wrested from our Hands;
How should I answer that?

Mir. Before the Morning they can ne'er return;
Give him 'till point of Day, and let this Fair one
Try her persuasive Pow'r.

Front. Captain.

Offi. My Lord.

Front. The Charge of these two Prisoners must be yours;
But keep your Guard for half an hour at distance,
That their Discourse may not be overheard;
If in that time he will declare for us,
Let him be left here with his beauteous Bride;
But place a Guard without that may protect them.
If he refuses, bring him strait to me,
And her convey to th' other Female Captives.
Now *Angian*, Life or Death are in thy Choice;
If thou wilt swear t' embrace our Interests,
A glorious Instrument thou mayst become
To make these Nations subject to our Sway,
And then thou shalt be happy, shalt be great,
And under us rule all th' *Iroquian* Tribes:
If thou refusest thou shalt surely die.

S C E N E VI. *Ulamar, Irene.*

Ul. Ah poor *Irene*!

Ire. Wretched *Ulamar*!

Ul. We but just are met——

Ire. And we must part. Wouldst thou not tell me so?

Ul. We must; for ever part.

Ire. Who could have thought it!

Ul. Who could have believ'd it?

Ire. That wish'd-for Happiness should be so near.

Ul. And be so soon, and so entirely lost.

Ire. Ah cruel Change!

Ul. O mortal Woe! one Kiss, and then farewell.

Ire. The Gods have giv'n to others to fare well.

O miserably must *Irene* fare !

Art thou in haste to leave thy Bride for ever?

Ul. My Life! can I avoid it? I must leave thee ;
Thou seest the Spousals cruel Fate prepares for us,
These are the Wedding Joys that Heav'n provides us;
Farewel! A longer Stay will quite unman me,
Eternally Farewel——O Curfed Parting! [Kisses her.
O charming Earnest of Immortal Blifs,
Which I must ne'er enjoy!

Ire. The Gods, the Gods reward this faithless Race.

Ul. Me rather curse, yes, curse my damn'd Credulity;
O Fool, Fool, Fool, to be thus grossly chous'd
By these vile tricking Slaves ! O I am lost!
But justly, there's the Torment, justly lost,
I poorly ran the hazard of my Country
To save my House, and on my House the first,
The greatest, and most dismal Vengeance falls.

Ire. But lost *Irene's* most of all undone.
Consider what I am, and what I was
In the beginning in this fatal Night ;
Was I not Happy ?

Ul. Thou wast indeed.

Ire. How am I fall'n !

Ul. Oh thou art plung'd in an Abyfs of Woe !

Ire. If I appear to upbraid thee *Ulamar*,
Think there's a wondrous Reason for't, who caus'd
This dreadful Revolution in my Fate.

Ul. Who but a Dog, who but a Dog?
O I could tear my self!

Ire. Thine is the Fault, but whose must be the Pain?
But whose must be the Horrour?

Ul. Oh that it might be mine! might all be mine!

Ire. Thy Enemies will soon deliver thee,
And Death will be thy Friend; his Icy hand
Will soon convey thee to that Blifsful Land,
Where thou shalt swim in everlasting Joy,
Where thou wilt soon forget thy lov'd *Irene*.

Ul. Oh never! never!

Ire. The transitory Pains of Death with thee
Will soon be o'er, but I shall feel them long ;
Of thy sad Death how long may I be dying,
For I have neither Enemy, nor Friend
That will deliver me; but must be left

Alone!

Alone! Oh all alone, I shall be left
Without my Country, and my dear Relations,
Without my faithful Friends, nay without thee,
Who wert Relations, Country, all to me.

O that thou wert! O that thou would'st be all!

Ul. Thou miserablest of the Race of Women,
What would'st thou!

Ire. Thou seest in what Condition I am left,
In what perfidious, in what barbarous Hands;
Say, what am I t' expect when thou art gone,
From such a cruel, such a faithless Race?

Ul. Oh damn them---damn them, O Revenge, Revenge!
I'd give the World that thou wert in my Pow'r

Ire. Say *Ulamar*, for thou hast known me long,
Say, did I e'er appear thus mov'd before?

Ul. No, never, never; Fate is on thy Brow,
And thy Soul's teeming with some wond'rous Birth,
Let it be ne'er so dreadful bring it out,
The worst of Fate I have already felt.

Ire. If e'er thou lov'dst me with a noble Passion,
'Tis time to shew it now.

Ul. Whither art thou going?

Ire. Once more tell me,
Who brought this Load of Woe upon my Head?

Ul. Oh Damnation! Oh!

Ire. From whom should my Deliverance then proceed?

Ul. Light'ning this Moment blast me! must I then
Betray my Country, or abandon thee!

Ire. Say, tho' a poor distressful, widow'd Virgin,
Yet am I not thy Wife?

Ul. My dearest Wife!
Dearer than is the Blood that warms my Heart,
But ruin'd *Angia* is my Country still.

Ire. Wilt thou do nothing for me, *Ulamar*?
Is not my Honour thine?

Ul. It is, and mine is thine,
And therefore I'll preserve it, true to thee,
To Heav'n and Nature, and to ruin'd *Angia*.

Ire. And I would have thee constant to them all,
For if thou prov'st a Traitor to the rest,
Thou wilt be so to me.

Ul. Ha!

Is there another Way to thy Deliverance?

I'll shed the Blood that's dearest to my Heart
T'obtain it.

Ire. The Blood that's dearest to thy Heart?

Ul. By the great Mind I will.

Ire. Is not that Blood *Irene's*!

Ul. Thy Blood! O Horror! What hast thou propos'd?

Ire. Yes thou must shed it, *Ulamar*, and die.

Ul. Am I a Devil?

Ire. What, canst thou stay to expire in fearful Torments,
Insulted o'er by these inhuman Slaves?

Thou hast a Ponyard, tho' thy Sword is gone.

Ul. I have, and thus I use it.

[Draws the Dagger, offers to stab himself.]

Ire. Hold, by almighty Love! I charge thee hold;

O look upon me with an Eye of Mercy,

And plunge it here; let me not see thee die:

Have Mercy *Ulamar*, and kill me first.

Ul. What, give thee Death? Upon this sacred Night?

Is that a Bridegroom's Gift? The Gods, the Gods

Deliver thee, while thus I free my self. *[Offers to stab himself.]*

Ire. Thou shalt not die, inhuman as thou art;

How could you have the cruel Heart t'attempt it?

To leave me here to this perfidious Race:

My Father, Country, Friends, all, all are gone;

And canst thou leave me too, my Life? Canst thou?

Canst thou? Thou shalt not. I will die before thee.

[Snatches the Dagger from him, and offers to kill her self.]

Ul. O hold!

That dismal Blow I must not, dare not see.

Ire. Think what the *French* when thou art gone--come Death

And free my Breast from this distracting Thought.

SCENE VII. *Ulamar, Irene, Officer, and Guards.*

Off. Ha Slaves!

Is this the use you make of proffer'd Mercy?

Haste! Tear them asunder.

Him to Count *Frontenac* in Bonds conduct,

And her convey to th'other Female Captives:

Bring them away there.

Ul. Ah poor *Irene*! May the Gods protect thee:

Take in this dying Look my last Farewel;

Death's cruelst Pang is parting thus from thee.

Ire. Oh Gods! What dreadful Fate's reserv'd for me!

ACT V. SCENE I.

Ulamar, Frontenac, Miramont.

Front. COME, be not guilty of thy own Destruction!
Believe it, I would gladly be thy Friend;
Besides that, I respect thy wondrous Virtue;
There's something so engaging in thy Person,
That I'm inclin'd with Tenderness to love thee;
But think th' Irrevocable Moments fly;
The Time approaches when thou must resolve.

Ul. What, to betray my Trust? To be a Villain!

Front. Mistake me not, fond Youth!
Assist us to subdue these warlike Nations;
And under us thou shalt command them all.

Ul. What Right have I to rule these warlike Nations?

Front. The justest in the World, the Right of Nature:
Thou singly hast more Virtue than them all;
And therefore art by Nature form'd to rule them.

Ul. With bare Desert a generous Mind is satisfy'd;
If I have Virtue give me leave to keep it:
Complying with thy Offer would destroy it,
And I should then have more and blacker Crimes
Than all the warlike *Iroquois* together;
But thou mistak'st thy Man, I have a Soul
That scorns a Tyrant, and a Slave alike!
And thou would'st have me both:
But since thy Offer kindly is design'd;
In Gratitude I doubly will return it.

Front. Return it, say'st thou? How?

Ul. Set me but free, and I'll in kind return it.

Front. In kind?

Ul. Yes, rouse thy self, and shake off this vile Yoak,
Under the which thou bow'st thy Neck and groan'st:
I'll make thee King of all *Canadian France*,
And the brave *English*, and the Warlike *Iroquois*
Shall both support thy Claim.

Front. I'll hear no more; say, wilt thou live or die?

Mir. Nay, hear him out; 'tis barbarous to refuse it:
Methinks that I could hear him talk for ever.

Front. Yet be advis'd and live.

Ul. Not on thy Terms, I'm not of Life so fond;
Weigh both our Offers, and judge which is juster;

Tyrant and Slave at once thou'dst have me turn,
 And weaken and debase my free-born Mind,
 That's Independant now of all but Heav'n;
 And a Superiour in a Man disdains;
 The greatest, best of Men are but my Equals;
 The guilty like thy Master my Inferiors.

Front. Thou hast a noble Soul, by Heav'n.

Mir. A Godlike one.

Ul. Oh how unlike is what I ask of thee?
 I would establish thee a lawful King,
 And o'er a happy People shalt thou Reign;
 Would break thy ignoble Bonds, and give thee means
 T' assert thy Liberty, t' assert thy Virtue;
 For lurking in thy Breast I see the Seeds
 Of ev'ry noble Virtue; but by Custom
 And vain Opinion choak'd, and blind Obedience
 To the unjust Ambition of thy Master.
 As thou art Man, thou art Generous and Brave,
 True Maganimity adorns thy Mind.
 And thou art as dearly awful to my Soul
 As if thou wert my Father.
 But as thou art *French*, thou art Base, Perfidious, Perjur'd,
 And Sacrificest to thy Tyrant's Will
 Thy very Honour, and thy very Virtue.

Mir. Mind that my Lord.

Ul. Thou would'st have me betray my Trust, my Country,
 The Solemn'st and most Sacred of all Trusts.
 I would have thee deliver those thou Rul'st,
 And free them from the Bonds that wring their Hearts,
 And from the cruel Scourge that makes them roar:
 Should I comply with thee, and should undo
 These generous Nations, who are happy now
 In Innocence and Freedom; but would then
 Be plung'd in Vice and endless Misery;
 How when I afterwards met woful Sights,
 Deplorable Misfortunes, melting Objects;
 How would my Heart within my Bosom die,
 To think that I had done this?
 But thou who hitherto, mistaken Man,
 Hast prostituted to thy Monarch's Pride
 The noblest Talents of thy Mind and Person,
 Thy Wisdom, and thy Courage hast employ'd
 To cast all other Nations into Chains,

And

And Clinch and Rivet those that bind thy own,
 Who hast been Industrious to entail Destruction
 Upon the Race of Men, to all Posterity,
 Ev'n thy Posterity, thy wretched Children,
 If thou hast Children——

Front. What cruel Griefs has that Remembrance rouz'd?

Ul. How will thy Soul rejoyce, when thou shalt come
 To turn those Talents to their noblest Use,
 To bring the Nations round to happy Freedom,
 And make Attonement to our *Indian* World,
 For all the Woes thy curst Ambition caus'd!
 What inexpressible Joy will seize thy Breast,
 When thou shalt every where meet happy Objects,
 And think to thee that Happiness they owe!
 To hear the Shouts, the general Acclamations,
 Th' unnumber'd Blessings pour'd upon thy Head;
 O would'st thou rouse thy self, and break thy Chain,
 How would thy Virtue and thy Glory shine!
 And to what height thy Happiness would Soar!
 Then impious War should here for ever cease
 Which never came among these happy Groves,
 'Till thy false Race first landed on our Shoar.
 For 'tis for Liberty we War, not Empire;
 While at the Blood we spill we hourly Sigh,
 And curse the Falshood of detested Slaves,
 That rudely force us to destroy our Kind.
 How shameful 'tis, that Men whom Heav'n has form'd,
 Of this vast Universe the Fellow-Citizens,
 Should thus wage Civil and unnatural War:
 All Creatures that have Life, but Men, agree;
 The fiercest and most Savage of the Beasts,
 That makes the Forest tremble at his Roar,
 Loves his own Figure in another Beast,
 And with him like a Brother lives in Peace.
 Ev'n Fiends themselves with Fiends are not at Variance;
 But barbarous Man makes impious War on Man,
 And Leagues with Fiends against his Fellow-Creatures.

Mir. O Godlike Youth! assist me all ye Pow'rs [*Apart.*
 Who love Mankind, and who delight in Mercy,
 Assist my just Design.

Ul. But if the Justice of the noble Cause,
 The Freedom of the *Indian* World won't move thee,
 If giving lasting Happiness and Peace

To all the Race of Men, won't rouse thy Blood,
If thy own Fame and Greatness won't prevail,
And if a Crown acquir'd so brave a Way,
Have no Temptations for thy groveling Mind,
Hast thou a Son t' inherit Bliss or Woe?

For some will for their Children more perform,
Than for themselves; and all the World besides.

Mir. A happy Thought, ay, urge that Motive home.

Ul. Nay, answer me!

Front. Alas! thou hurt'st me, probe that Wound no more.

Ul. Nay, if thou hast, consider while 'tis time,
On this Important Now depends his Fate,
And by thy present Choice he grows a King,
Becomes a happy and a glorious King,
Or lives and dies a miserable Slave;
Come, I can plainly see thou hast a Son. (Wives,

Mir. Yes, yes, brave Youth, we have Children, nay and
But shamefully have been afraid to own them,
For fear our mighty Monarch should grow angry,
And that vile Fear has lost them; if they live,
They languish in a rude Captivity;
And to retrieve them, and to keep them ours,
We have no hope, but by thy generous Offer.
Come rouse my Lord, how long shall we have Patience:
Have Patience! have Stupidity, I would say!
For Patience is a Virtue, this a Vileness,
A very want of Spirits in our Blood:
Come, how much longer shall we crouch and fawn,
Yes fawn like Dogs, the more, the more we're scourg'd?
But Dogs when beaten only fawn on Men
Who were to them superiour Creatures form'd:
No Dog will fawn upon a Dog who tears him:
Yes, 'tis a sign we have Sacrific'd our Virtue,
Nay, and our very Reason with our Virtue,
When we can thus resolve to offer up
Our Children to the Rage of lawless Sway.
What is he? That he proudly thus commands us,
Not only to commit the basest Crimes,
To grow the Scourge of God, and be the Plagues
Of Humane Race, while the *French* Name is grown
A Horror to each Corner of the Earth;
But that like Devils we our selves should feel
Doubly the Torments we inflict on others;

Should

Should on our Children endless Woes entail,
And grow the Curse ev'n of our own Posterity.
For what? That he o'er *Europe* may Insult.
Yes, by the Woes of us and ours Insult.
What is't to us who Reigns, if we are Wretched?
And can we well be more? Is this our Comfort,
That with our selves we make Mankind too Wretched?
A Comfort fit for Devils, not for Men.

Ul. Ay, now thou art my Friend indeed.

Mir. Pray where's his Pow'r that aw's us into this?
What Force has he, but what we fondly give him?
For what he wrongly calls his Pow'r is ours;
And shall we use our Pow'r against our selves?
Would any but a Wretch depriv'd of Reason,
Employ his Limbs to wound himself and Children,
Because another has the monstrous Cruelty
To tell him 'tis his Pleasure?

Front. I've heard too much.

SCENE II. *Ulamar, Frontenac, Miramont, Soldier.*

Sol. My Lord, to Arms, to Arms!

Front. What say'st thou?

Sol. As we advanc'd towards yonder *Southern Gate*,
Upon the Mountain fronting it, we spy'd
A Light ascending to the Vault of Heav'n,
Which strait expanding in a general Blaze,
O'erflow'd the Mountain with a Flood of Flame,
And then descending with Impetuous Course
Down to the Vale the fiery Torrent rowl'd,
And now both Hill and Vale appear on Fire:
'Tis thought the routed *Angians* who escap'd,
Are now returning with their *English* Friends,
And by these numerous Lights direct their Nightly March.

Front. Ha! We too in our turn shall be surpriz'd;
And which way move they?

Sol. Directly towards the *Southern Gate* they advance.

Front. Give Orders that my Forces be drawn up;
My self will lead them to the *Southern Gate*,
And warmly we'll receive this desperate Foe:
Take care another Band of Fuzileers
Be planted at the entrance to this Place,
They shall receive my Pleasure as I pass.

SCENE

SCENE III. Ulamar, Frontenac, Miramont:

Front. Hold! Let me see! This *Angian* Captive yet
Is in my Pow'r; how long he may remain so
Heav'n only knows! If he escapes I am lost,
My Orders from the Court are so severe.
On this Alarm my Duty calls me hence, [To Ula.
Ten Minutes yet thou hast left thee to declare,
If before they expire thou wilt be ours,
Thou may'st be Happy, else thou know'st thy Doom.

SCENE IV. Ulamar, Miramont.

Mir. The Time allow'd thee to resolve is short;
Then I entreat thee make thy dearest use of it.

Ul. I was about it.

Thou say'st thou art my Friend.

Mir. I say I am thy Friend: Let Flatterers say,
Brave Youth, for I have shewn I am thy Friend;
Live but an Hour and thou wilt find me such,
Find I have boldly ventur'd all to save thee;
Done more for thee, than ever I would do
Ev'n for my nearest and most dear Relations;
Thou to my Soul art dearer than them all,
Related to me by a Nobler way;
My Kindred they in Blood, but thou in Virtue.

Ul. Then let me take my leave of my *Irene*.

Mir. Thou know'st not what thou ask'st, thy time is short,
And should'st thou see her, thy few precious Moments
Would be in empty Lamentations lost.

Ul. Then bind thy self by solemn Vows to guard her
From all unworthy Usage when I'm gone.

Mir. Come, I'll do more for thee;
For thou shalt live, and be thy self her Guardian:
What, can'st thou poorly Die, and thy brave Friends
So near, who come to free thee from these Bonds,
To free us all from our insulting Tyrant?
Can'st thou desert the great Support of Liberty,
And tamely Die?

Ul. Tamely?

Mir. Ay, Tamely!

Ul. Oh give me but a Sword, and thou shalt see
How Tamely I will fall.

Mir. How would'st thou use it?

Ul.

Ul. I'll thro' thy numerous Sentries force my Way,
And mounting o'er the Ramparts join my Friends.

Mir. Impossible! Thou would'st betray thy self
And me to Fate, and would'st prevent thy Friends.

Ul. What can I do besides! *Mir.* Declare.

Ul. What, for the *French*!
Against whose Crimes so justly thou inveigh'st?

Mir. Do you think I ask you to declare for ever?
Thy Sentiments dissemble but an Hour.

Ul. Is Death so dreadful?

Mir. Consider but the happy Consequence.

Ul. The Consequence is Guilt, Remorse and Shame.
You punish with an ignominious Death,
They who desert your false and guilty Cause,
And would have me a Fugitive from Truth,
A Fugitive from Virtue? *Mir.* But for an Hour.

Ul. But Virtue oft deserted for an Hour,
Resents it deeply, and upon the Wing
Is gone past all Return.

Mir. Three Minutes yet are left thee to declare [*Liberty.*

Ul. Then welcome Death the fourth, for that brings

Mir. Think that the Happiness of ev'n a World
Depends upon thy Life.

Ul. Know that World's Happiness depends on one
Who will not have it sav'd so base a way.

Mir. If thou art so hard-hearted to thy self,
Do something yet for me, who have done for thee
More than thou know'st, or would'st with Ease believe.

Ul. Thou art so generous, I could die for thee,
Be satisfy'd with that.

Mir. Nay, but thou shalt not thus continue obstinate,
Descend to be intreated for thy self.

Ul. 'Tis they are obstinate, who are in the wrong:
I never was more Right.

Mir. 'Tis past; how vain 'tis to contend with Fate.

S C E N E V. *Ulamar, Miramont, Officer and Guards.*

Off. Where is this *Angian*? *Ul.* Here.

Off. Count *Frontenac* our Governour, has sent me
T'enquire of thee for whom thou wilt declare.

Ul. For Liberty.

Off. Then Death shall set thee free:
Here bind him.

Mir. Stay yet a Moment. *Offi.* I dare not stay,
Our General will be here immediately,
And when he comes, expects to find him dead.

Ul. Farewel my absent Dear, protect her Heav'n,
And make this gentle to her tender Heart;
'Tis a severe Divorce, but we must bear it.

Mir. How my Heart bleeds for him.

Offi. Come, away with him.

Ul. Wilt thou be good, and think of lost *Irene*?

Mir. Had I an only Daughter, Fair as Virtue,
She should be less my Care.

Ul. Farewel my generous Friend.

Mir. Let me Embrace thee, dearer than my Life,
Dear as my Fame; this Separation wounds me,
And makes me bleed, as if thou wert a part of me,
Dear hapless Youth, eternally Farewel!

SCENE V. *Ulamar, Miramont, Sakia, Officer, and Guards.*

Sak. He lives, and the eternal Pow'rs are Just:
He lives, stand off, and let a wretched Mother
Embrace the Joy and Comfort of her Life.
Oh *Ulamar*, thou darling of my Soul!——

Offi. What means this Woman with her clamorous fondness?
Present, dispatch him presently.

Sak. Hurt him, and thou shalt be ten Years a dying.
Where's *Miramont*? *Mir.* Ha!

Offi. Shoot him ye Slaves; how dare ye disobey?

Mir. Hold! On thy Life forbear! She shall be heard first.

Offi. With this I shall acquaint the Governor.
Do you remain, and guard your Prisoner well.

SCENE VI. *Ulamar, Miramont, Sakia, and Guards.*

Mir. Who asks for *Miramont*?

Sak. *Sakia.*

Mir. *Sakia*?

Sak. Yes; so the *Angians* call me; but I had
Another Name upon th' *Huronian* Lake.

Mir. Till now I never saw thee.

Sak. I tell thee 'tis for *Miramont* I ask.

Mir. Men call me *Miramont*.

Sak. Thee? I know thee not.
How long hast thou been here in *Canada*?

Mir. The Sun has five times rowl'd about the Year,
Since first I Landed on your *Indian* Shoar.

Sak. I want another Captain of thy Name.

Mir.

Mir. In *Canada* there is no other *Miramont*.

Sak. Thou art mistaken; I have often seen him,
And know him well.

Mir. Twelve Years ago you may have seen another;
But then his elder Brother childless dy'd;
And he return'd to *France*.

Sak. Ye have utterly abandon'd us, ye Heav'ns!
And what became of him?

Mir. In *France* seven Years with Honours crown'd he liv'd,
And then he left it for a better World.

Sak. Dead! Is he dead? O the most lost of Women!

Mir. Hear me. *Sak.* Answer me.

Who was that *Miramont* that fought this Morn
With my poor dying Son?

Mir. 'Twas I: But hear me Madam.

Sak. Horror and Distraction seize me!
Henceforth I'll be as deaf to all the World,
As Heav'n has been to me.

Mir. Hear me but a Word!

Sak. At length shew Mercy, ye afflicting Pow'rs,
And send more Weight to crush the Wretch you have made.

Mir. Strange Prepossession!

Sak. This weight of Woe I cannot, will not bear!
I faint, I die, support thy wretched Mother,
And leave her not in this extream Necessity.

Ah Woe! Thou art thy self in dire Necessity,
Hopeless, forlorn, of all the World mistaken:
But who has brought thee to this dismal End.
O Wretch, the most accurst of Heav'n! Thus, thus
I dash against the Ground the fatal Cause. [Falls.

And art thou gone, for ever gone my *Miramont*?

Then all the World is gone with wretched me;
Here let me end my miserable Life:

My miserable Life's already ended,

And I am in the number of those Things

That were, and are no more. I come my *Miramont*;

Methinks I see thy awful Ghost appear,

And beckon me away to that strange Land,

From whence there's no return: Yes now I see thee,

Just with that mournful Look, that fatal Frown,

With which thou now for three successive Nights

Hast broke my dreadful Slumbers, t' upbraid me

For my unkind delay: But I it seems,

Flatter'd and cheated by false Hope,
Mistook the mortal Summons.

SCENE VII. Front. Ul. Mir. Sak. *Officer and Guards.*

Sak. Ha! Gods! He comes, with the same Frown he comes;
Do you call this Fancy! O I shall be mad,
I shall be mad with Joy, with Fear, with Wonder!
O thou who hast the Charms to make Death lovely,
What would'st thou with that pale astonish'd Look?
Such as the dying wear, or dead who arise;
Com'st thou to call thy miserable Wife?
She comes, in Life and Death thy own *Nikaia*.

[Draws a Dagger.

Front. Nikaia!

Sak. Ha! More Astonishment! He speaks, he calls;
Do you hear? Do you see? Or is this Madness all?

Front. Oh my astonish'd Soul! It is *Nikaia*.

Sak. Again in an afflicted Tone he calls,
I come.

Frons. O hold!

[Lays hold on the Dagger.

Sak. Ah Gods! He lives, I die; ah *Miramont*!

Front. Thou shalt die here then in these longing Arms;
Dear to my Heart, as the Life-Blood that warms it:
Feel how with sprightly Heats it calls thee back
To Life and Love again.

Sak. It is, it is my *Miramont*!

Oh 'tis too much ye Powers, I cannot bear it,
I die, the mighty Joy devours my Life;
My Love, my Life, my *Miramont*.

Front. And dost thou live? And art thou in my Arms?
Where hast thou past so many cruel Years?
O let these Tears of flowing Joy acquaint thee,
How bitterly I've mourn'd thy fatal Loss!
What hast thou suffer'd in this rude Captivity?
O thou hast suffer'd what no Tongue can tell?
How hast thou mourn'd for thy afflicted Mate!
For sure thy Grief was equal to thy Love,
And never any Flame could equal thine.

Sak. No we will never, never part again!
Alas I had forgot our *Miramont*——

Front. Ha! What of that dear Creature! how I tremble!
Thy Looks inform me, that my dearest Hope,
The Joy and Comfort of my Life is lost.

Sak. He lives, but on the very Brink of Fate:
Alas! They murder him!

Front.

Front. They? Who!

Sak. The barbarous Governor.

Front. The Governor! My Life! What Governor?

Sak. The Governor of this *New France*.

Front. Who hath deluded thee?

The Governor of *France* is in thy Arms.

Sak. The Governour of *France* is *Frontenac*;
And art not thou my *Miramont*?

Front. I always was, I always will be thine,
And formerly I was thy *Miramont*,
But by my Brother's Death am *Frontenac*,
Thus are our Names by Custom chang'd in *France*.

Sak. O Horreur! Horreur!
O Wretch, what dreadful Guilt hast thou escap'd?
Behold thy Son, whom thou art about to murder!

Front. Ha! Where?

Sak. There, there, behold him.

Front. Ha, thy Wonder and thy Joy distract thee!
He who stands there, is General of the *Angians*.

Sak. As sure as he is General of the *Angians*,
He is thy Son and mine, 'tis thy own *Miramont*.

Front. O I am lost and swallow'd up in Wonder!
Ye Gods, ye Gods!
These are Events surpassing all Example;
These are th' amazing Miracles of Fate!
Ha!

Perish all Tyrants, and their black Commands! [*Embraces Ul.*

Ul. Ay, in that God-like Voice I hear my Father.

Front. Oh *Miramont*! My Son, my Son, forgive me!

Ul. You gave me Life, and you may take it back.

Front. That Life I gave thee to defend I'll die;
Dear to my Heart, and lovely to my Eyes!
Come to my Arms once more, indulge thy Father's Fond-
My Wife, and Son recover'd in an Hour; [*ness,*
And such a Son! O I am blest
Above my fondest Hope.

I am a God, if nothing intervenes
To interrupt this more than mortal Joy;
And thou brave *Miramont*, my generous Friend,
Thou to whose rare and unexampled Virtue,
I owe the joy and Darling of my Life.

Embrace the Worth thou hast sav'd, 'twas thy own Blood,
[*Mira Embraces Ula.*
Which to preserve, thou nobly didst contend. *Sak.*

Sak. Why wouldst thou drive me to despair, by saying
My *Miramont* was in another World.

*Front. talks
apart with
his Son.*

Mir. You would not hear me out.

We esteem this a World distinct from ours.

[*Apart.*] I must be gone, th' appointed Minute's come.

SCENE VIII. *Frontenac, Ulamar, Sakia, Guards.*

Front. Lose thee, I'll lose my self first.

Ul. Your King will have it so, and I must die.

Front. Where are the *English*?

Ul. Ay, that's my Father's Voice, great Nature's Voice:
The Voice of Heav'n is that. What Shout is that? [*Shout.*]

Front. No Matter. Now the *Angians* are my Friends;
Rally thy flying Squadrons with the Morn.

Ul. Before the Sun has finish'd three Careers,
The warlike *English*, and th' united *Iroquois*,
Shall hail thee King of all *Canadian France*.

Front. What, sacrifice my Son to lawless Sway!

Ul. For fifty rowling Years the wretched *French*,
Have to their Tyrants sacrific'd their Sons;
But to rash thoughtless Men the Horror's less,
Because th' Effect insensibly comes on:
They have been the most abandon'd of all Slaves.

Front. But I'm a Slave, my aspiring Boy, no more.

Ul. Oh the blest Sound!

Front. O I am rous'd from my Lethargick Dream;
And when we have been refresh'd with short Repose,
We will to Arms, to glorious Arms, my Boy,
And Godlike Liberty shall be the Word.

Ul. O that some Angel with his golden Trump
Would make that Voice thro' the wide World resound;
That the celestial Sound might rouse Mankind to Liberty!
But ah, these Transports are too Fierce to last;
And th'angry Gods remand me to my Griefs.
Where's my *Irene*?

SCENE XI. *Frontenac, Ulamar, Sakia, Irene.*

Ire. She comes, she flies to that enchanting Voice.

Ul. O let me press thee to my very Heart;
From which ev'n Fate had not the pow'r to tear thee.
Sir, I us'd no entreaty for my Life;
But for my Love thus low I humbly bow,
That you'd consent to make it happy here.

[*Kneels.*]

Front.

Front. Take her, she's thine; but cherish her like Life;
She merits all thy Love; and more I prize her,
For the rich Dowry of her matchless Virtue;
Than if extended Empire were her Lot.

Sak. O the most blissful hour of all my Life!
My long Calamities be quite forgot,
And let me give up all my Soul to Joy!

Ul. Where hast thou past this doleful dismal Hour;
In dreadful expectation of what Fate
Was terribly about to Execute?

Ire. Among a Crowd of miserable Slaves;
Where hearing of thy Death, in wild Despair
I made a dire Attempt upon my Life,
When gracious Heav'n by Miracle preserv'd me.

Ul. To preserve thee, what God would not appear?

Ire. No, 'twas no God, but 'twas a Godlike Man.

S C E N E X. Frontenac, Ulamar, Sakia, Irene,
Miramont, Beaufort.

Ul. 'Twas he, by Heav'n, it cou'd be none but he, [*Shout.*
Beaufort, thou best of Men, thou best of Friends,
Come to my Arms, come to my Heart my Friend;
This is the wondrous Man to whom I owe [*To Front.*
My Life, my Liberty, my Fortune, Fame,
And 'tis to him that you my Mother owe.

Front. Too warmly then I never can receive him. [*Embrace.*

Ul. Art thou return'd? Art thou within our Walls?
Where hast thou left thy *English*?

Beauf. The *English*, and your rallied *Angians* now
Are most within the Town.

Ul. More Miracles! Astonishing Event!

Front. Now by my Soul, they're truly welcome all;
And this exactly to my Wish has happen'd;
But without Fighting, how could this be done!

Beauf. While on the *South* we made a false Attack,
Brave *Miramont* upon th'appointed Signal
Gave us admittance at the *Northern* Gate.

Front. The appointed Signal! you amaze me, Sir.

Beauf. Two hours are scarce elaps'd since this brave Man
To me dispatch'd a Messenger express,
Inviting me to come and save *Ulamar*,
And for my Entrance gave a certain Signal;
I on the warmest Wings of Friendship flew,

Yet

Yet had arriv'd too late with all my Speed,
 Had not kind Heav'n in Mercy interpos'd
 By this so wonderful Discovery,
 With which brave *Miramont* has Entertain'd me.

Front. What say our Soldiers, *Miramont*?

Mir. They with the *English* and the *Angians* mix,
 And Peace and Joy in all their Looks appear:
 Impatiently they wait for your Assent,
 To cry Hail *Frontenac*, and Liberty.

Front. That shall not long be wanting.

Ul. But now unanimously, Thanks we pay,
 To thee brave *Miramont*, and thee my *Beaufort*,
 O truly Great! O truly worthy Son,
 Of Great *Britannia* thro' the World renown'd,
 For propping falling Liberty,
 Supporting sinking Nations!

There is more Excellence, more Godlike Greatness
 In rescuing one poor Wretch from dire Calamities,
 Than in subverting and destroying Empires,
 And making Millions wretched.

Beauf. To Heav'n unanimously Praise return,
 And thankful for this wonderful Deliverance,
 Resolve that Heav'n alone shall o'er you Rule,
 And cast not off your Maker's Sway for Man's;
 Be govern'd still by Reason and by Law,
 And let your Monarch still be Heav'n's Vice-gerent,
 And Execute his Master's Will, not his:

Thus govern'd, we are absolutely Free,
 Heav'n and good Kings give perfect Liberty,
 And from this wonderous Night, let all Men learn,
 Never to sacrifice the publick Good

Either to Foreign, or to Home-bred Tyrants,
 For the vile Interest of Themselves and Families;
 For that upon their Families and selves

Brings certain Ruin: May all *France* like you [To *Front.*

Have their Eyes open'd, and with horror see,

How to their Tyrant's Will thy offer up

Their Children, and their whole Posterity,

The thing which Heav'n and Nature most abhors;

May they see this like you, like you detest it,

Then grow like you, Impatient to be Free,

With us asserting Godlike Liberty.

Dennis, John,

Liberty Asserted A Tragedy

London 1704

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